



IN NATURE'S
TEMPLE



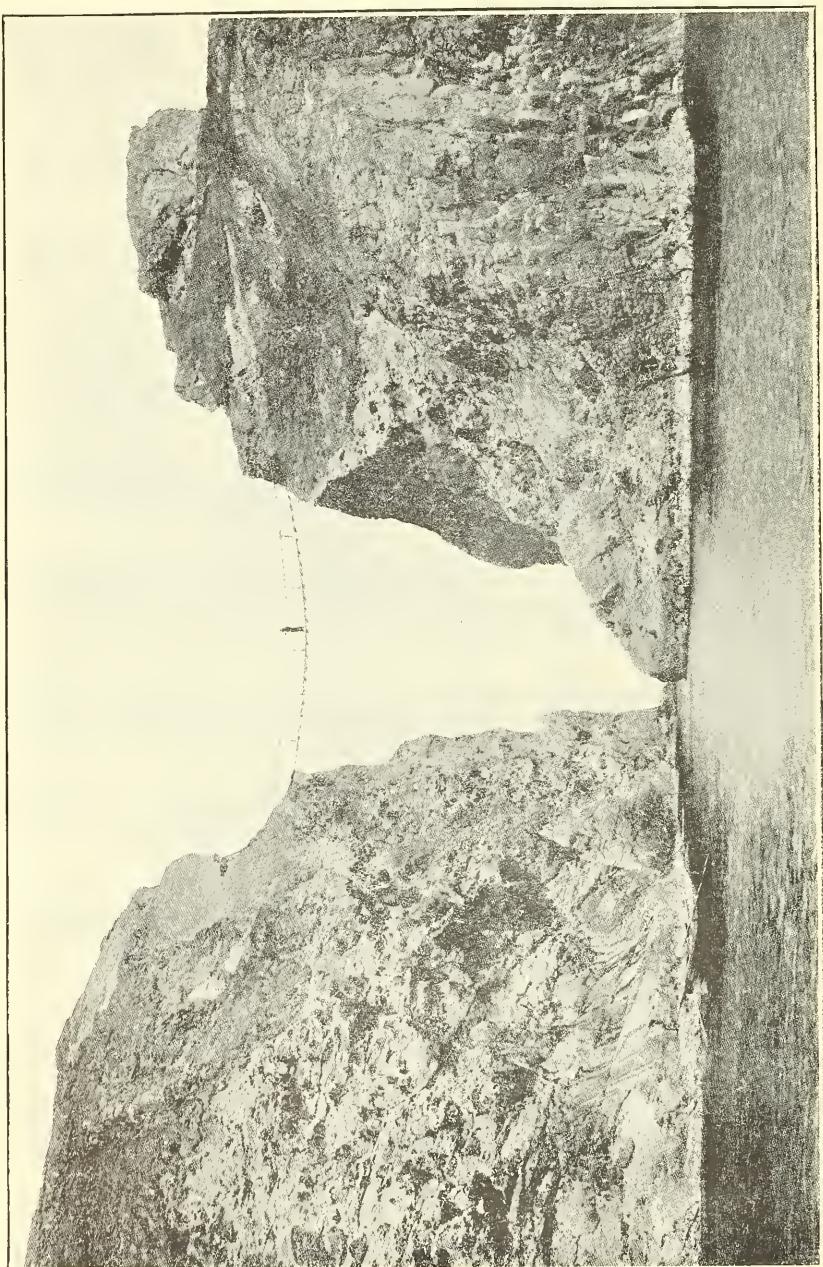
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FRONTISPICE.

And thus my soul was schooled to the sublime
'Midst vast upheavals of some ancient time.—Page 76.

IN
NATURE'S TEMPLE

BY

JOSEPH DICKSON CARSON

AUTHOR OF STUDIES IN THE LITERATURE OF THE
NATIONS

Thoughts are the Seeds Immortal
From which all fruitage springs



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TO THE READER.

POETS sometimes veil their thoughts in obscure phrases. The readers seek to unfold the hidden meaning, just as they would endeavor to solve a puzzle given them by a friend. At other times they write in plain language as their "songs gushed from" their "hearts."

In seeking to discover an author's obscure thoughts, the readers mingle their own thoughts with those of the poet. They thus give him credit not only for his thought but also for their own thoughts. The poet who uses obscure language resembles those poets of whom Socrates told when before his judges —every one knew the meaning of their poems better than they did themselves.

Thought gives birth to thought. The readers of ambiguous verse, by mingling their thoughts —which are produced by the poem—with those of the poet, form a connecting link between themselves and the author. This link endears

to them his lines. Knowing this advantage of obscurity, I have sought, nevertheless, to express my thoughts in as clear words as possible, believing that language is for the expression of thought, not for its concealment.

These poems and sketches were written during a period of over sixty years. I am aware that however it may have been "in those old days when I was young," it is now an offence to indulge in poesy. I can only plead in mitigation that like many who love the sweet strains of music, I love the harmony of words when they convey thought and sentiment, and that I have taken my part in the active affairs of life, spending only leisure hours with poesy, which I sometimes did not have for years. I have only indulged in verse when the spirit of the Muses said "Write." Whether I have merited the smiles or frowns of the "Goddess of Song" it is for you, gentle readers, to decide. You are the judge and the jury combined. From your verdict there is no appeal.



DEITY, LIFE,
AND
IMMORTALITY.

WORLDS IN THE ASCENDING AND DESCENDING SCALE.

BUT few of otherwise well-informed persons have even a dim conception of the great Creator as displayed in the starry firmament. When we behold myriads of suns and satellites revolving in space, we are lost in wonder at the power of that Infinite Intelligence, that "Ceaseless energy," which guides by law those countless worlds. Aided by the researches of sages, who have linked their names to the stars, we may contemplate these beautiful worlds. In a moment our thoughts reach the most remote.

We are entranced when with Proctor we behold suns of many rich colors—the double stars of green and red, orange and blue, purple and yellow—mingling their rays of richest hues to light their satellites. Compared with the beauty of these worlds our snow-capped mountains, our mountain waves of ocean, and coral islands sink into insignificance.

Astronomers have long thought that there exists a center of gravity around which our sun and its worlds and all the other myriad suns and worlds revolve. Maedler says this center of gravity is the bright star Alcyone and its satellites. It has been computed that our sun and his worlds—moving in his orbit at the speed of thirty-three million miles a year—would require over ninety-five million years to travel around this central orb. This immense distance is so vast that it is inconceivable to our limited comprehension.

The Christian philosopher Dick draws a word-picture of all these immense worlds, and similar countless groups of worlds which adorn the heavens, revolving around the throne of God. It is a sublime poetic dream; resembling, but on an infinitely larger scale, the thrones of earthly kings. The throne of God is everywhere. It exists throughout all the boundless universe. It is in that tiny world a drop of water as much as it is in the most glorious worlds which revolve throughout infinite space.

Wonderful as are these immense countless globes, no less wonderful are the myriads of minute worlds—drops of water—inhabited by countless living beings

ON THE DESCENDING SCALE,

which are ruled by law as surely as are the larger inhabitants of the earth. Of these tiny worlds Professor Rymer Jones writes:

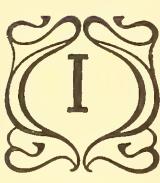
“Take any drop of water from the stagnant pools, from our rivers, from our lakes, or from the vast ocean itself, and place it under the microscope. You will find therein countless living beings, moving in all directions with considerable swiftness, apparently gifted with sagacity, for they readily elude each other in the active dance they keep up. . . . Increase the power of your glasses, and you will soon perceive inhabiting the same drop other animals, compared to which the former were elephantine in their dimensions, equally gifted. Exhaust the art of the optician, strain your eyes to the utmost, until the aching sense refuses to perceive the little quivering movement that indicates the presence of life, and you will find that you have not exhausted nature in the descending scale.”

To us who measure all things by ourselves, this life and organism seems infinite in its smallness. Could one of these tiny creatures behold a fly it would appear to it a monster.

IN NATURE'S TEMPLE.

A HYMN TO THE DEITY.

“ Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”—*Shakespeare*.

 HAVE stood at science's portal;
Caught a glimpse of Nature's laws,
While my soul in adoration,
Bow'd to the Eternal Cause.

When I stepped within that portal
Human teaching seemed all vain;
Nature's oldest revelations
From my spirit cast their chain.

All of earth-born creeds then vanished;
All their mists were swept away,
While I worshipped in His Temple,
In a clearer, brighter day.
There in beauty, vast, transcendent,
Through the endless realms of space,
Amidst myriads worlds unfolded
I beheld a Father's face.

From the deepest paths of Ocean
To her highest billow's swell,
In each drop of briny water
Countless tiny creatures dwell.

In each river, field, and forest
Teaming life is everywhere,
Yet all beings, insects, creatures
Have their Great Creator's care.

Love shall flow throughout all Nature,
Ever while the ages run,
Our God hath no chosen peoples,
Love enfoldeth every one.
All amidst his boundless temple,
Grander far than poet's dream,
Far above all human passion,
Dwells our God in bliss supreme.

Far around me in His temple
Kneel the men of every clime,
Our united prayer ascending
To the Lord of Life sublime.
From our souls when thus united,
Freely flow with one accord,
All our spirit's adoration,
To the great Eternal Lord.

When I stand within Thy presence,
Through Thy laws beholding Thee,
Men's shackles from my spirit fall,
While Thy glory hallows me.

Oh, sons of men, why grovel here,
 When your nature bids be free?
 Upon God's altar lay your chains,
 To Him only bend the knee.

All glorious in that Temple,
 Where love lights an endless day,
 Our souls embalmed by that pure light,
 Ever live beyond decay.
 While thus dwelling in Thy Temple,
 With Thy presence still around,
 All Thy worlds by Thee unfolded
 Unto me are holy ground.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

PART I.

ROM whence flows that river no
 mortal can tell,
 From the Spirit of God that life
 stream may swell.
 Its tide may surge fiercely or tranquil glide
 slow,
 But onward forever its waters shall flow.

We plunge in that river, the river of life,
Midst songs of rejoicing, midst turmoil and
strife,
But kind hands support us and dear ones are
nigh
To aid and defend us and soothe our first cry.

In youth's pleasant morning how tranquil its
tide,
With hopes of the future, still forward we
glide.
We drink of life's pleasures while onward
they flow,
Our dreams of to-morrow unclouded by woe.

A swell in the river and clouds in the sky,
The lightning is flashing, a tempest is nigh,
We join in the conflict, the combat of life,
Rough-tossed by its fury, its struggle, and
strife.

PART II.

When mighty rivers cease to run,
When earth hath vanished, stars and sun,
Life's stream in music, through the spheres,
Shall flow throughout eternal years,
Shall backward run. Oh! never.

Though "men may come and men may go,"*
 Like river-drops they ever flow;
 The stream of life, through regions fair,
 When streams of water melt in air,
 Shall onward flow forever.

For fairer than the purest gem
 Which glows on brightest diadem,
 These living drops shall always flow.
 Through changing forms, they come, they go,
 And ever onward glide.

I see in vision of my dream,
 Midst verdant banks that crystal stream.
 No drop shall ever melt in air,
 Each hath a loving Father's care
 Throughout the endless years.

All treasured by a love divine,
 These pearly drops shall ever shine;
 And each throughout eternal years,
 Shall flow in music through the spheres,
 A purified, a living gem,
 On God's eternal diadem.

* "Men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever."

TENNYSON'S "Song of the Brook."

THOUGHTS ARE THE SEEDS IMMORTAL.

OH! the poet lives undying;
By his sweet lays possessed,
What myriad hearts are throbbing,
Countless lives are bless'd!

We feel with a thrill of rapture
His soul-enchanting song;
And we would through time eternal
Its melody prolong.

Write nothing that's vile, O poet!
But noble be thy lays,
Thy rhythm like crystal waters,
Thy thoughts like diamond rays.
Thus thy songs shall live forever
In melody that's pure;
They shall swell throughout the ages
While human hearts endure.

For thoughts are the seeds immortal
From which all fruitage springs;
Thy enchanting lays if evil
Will plant the keenest stings.
A soul may dwell in other souls
Imparting thoughts sublime,
In countless lives may live anew
Through endless years of time.

In the shadowed coming glory
 Of man's still brighter day,
 The sons of earth though yet unborn
 Will hearken to thy lay.
 Their souls enraptured by thy song
 A blessing back will send ;
 These spirits of the coming men
 Shall with thy spirit blend.

Thus the poet's songs forever
 Shall flow through future days,
 Freedom's sons throughout the ages
 Shall sing anew his lays.
 Oh ! the poet lives immortal
 Undying in his song,
 And his purest notes shall ever
 Life's sweetest joys prolong.

IS THE POET DEAD?

A QUESTION OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

“The natural philosopher of to-day may dwell amid conceptions which beggar those of Milton.”—*John Tyndall*.

N this age of wondrous science
 Is the Poet dead ?
 Shall his verse, once deemed im-
 mortal,
 Never more be read ?

Not while lofty thoughts are gleaming,
Tender ones are nigh,
Not while noble deeds enshrine us
Shall the poet die !

All throughout the maze of matter
There is endless thought,
Greater far than poet ever
In his verses wrought :
Burning thoughts, perchance, which fleeting
Flashed o'er Shakespeare's brain ;
Ere his pen or pencil placed them
They had fled again.

But some future bard shall grasp them
And will write them down ;
They shall shine forever, jewels
On his laurel crown.
His the theme of coming ages,
Nature's hidden lore,
Grander far than songs of sages
Who have lived of yore.

Not the fabled gods of Homer
Of the ancient day,
But perchance of worlds unnumbered
In the Milky Way !

Amidst the phonograph of space
 Sweetest notes are there,
 In an endless music floating
 Through its sunlight air.

When the voice of human passion
 Sounds in future days,
 It will surely find expression
 In the poet's lays.
 Then never say the poet's dead
 Or verse is ancient lore;
 For while there throbs the human heart
 His songs shall thrill once more!

INDESTRUCTIBLE.

ATTER secure in its own existence,
 Bidding defiance unto time, dreads
 nought;
 The smallest atom cannot be de-
 stroyed;
 Through changing forms it always shall exist.
 Why then, should the spirit ever perish
 While its material clothing still survives?

The vital spark of life to quench were
 A strange anomaly in Nature's laws.

Like unto one who preserved a casket,
 Destroyed the gem which it contained.
 Shall spirit—or what men name it—perish
 And the clod upon which men tread survive?
 Thus to reason were the wildest madness.

The essence of the soul which ever lives,
 Like matter, bids defiance unto time ;
 In beauty lives when worlds have passed away.
 Behold ! a moving, breathing, thinking form,
 Instinct with vital life ; here lies its corpse
 Inanimate. No vital spark is there ;
 The spirit's fled. This, the mould'ring clay,
 Remains. In other form the soul exists,
 Like matter, it is indestructible.

ERE I AM DEAD.

ALM may I tread life's pathway
 through,
 Nor envy the immortal few,
 For men will seek for great renown
 In coming years their lives to crown ;
 Enrolled upon the book of fame,
 To them it is but a sounding name ;
 Of life beyond the mystic vale
 They may not tell the wondrous tale,
 When they are dead.

When I am dead
Seasons will, changing, onward flow,
With blooming rose, descending snow;
Yon brilliant sun shall shine as bright,
The changing moon will shed her light,
The earth revolve amidst the spheres
Through coming, countless, fleeting years,
And man his errors ever rue,
But fleeting phantoms still pursue,
When I am dead.

When thou art dead,
Entombed beneath the dust of ages,
Sleeping with the saints and sages;
Vain man will seek for coming bliss
Within a changing world like this;
For men shall be with pride elate,
And men shall love and men shall hate,
Some shall heap, in frenzy wild,
Vast millions upon millions piled;
In gaining wealth will lie and cheat,
And foes in hostile ranks shall meet.
True heroes die to leave a name
Illustrious on the roll of fame,
And millions live a life as true
As ever lived by me or you!

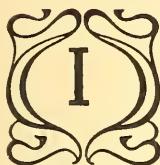
When thou art dead.

When we are dead,
To pass through changing scenes untold,
Shall we the mystery of life unfold;
See Him whom mortal never saw,
Unveil His great decrees of law;
Or shall we while the ages flee
Be ever learning; never see
The GREAT INVISIBLE to man,
Whose wondrous works alone we scan;
Or view Him throughout endless years,
In countless worlds throughout the spheres,
Find all our doubts and all our pain
Were but for our eternal gain?

When we are dead.

A N E M B L E M.

(Written by request for Miss Clara's album.)

 FOUND within this book a withered
rose:
Emblem of life, in its last sweet re-
pose;
It had, like you, its joyous day of bloom,
After its bud, yielding its rich perfume.
It drank of sunshine of the morning dew,
To others pleasure gave, a joy so true.
May you like it, when life has passed away,
Recall a fragrance that will ne'er decay.

IF TRUE?

The Suff's teach that God was the One all beautiful. Alone is all eternity, who sang of love. That beauty always desires to manifest itself, therefore He created the universe. They teach that all love is centered in Him—that we can love none other. When we think that we love any one else, it is not that person we love, but God.

IF true, what Persian Suffi teachers say,
We love no being formed from earthly clay;
The purest love we lay at beauty's shrine,
Is worship offered to the One divine.

If true, must Ella more than mortal be?
Beloved one, thou art all in all to me!
The burning love which in my bosom swells,
Proves Deity within thy beauty dwells,
If true?



ELLICOTTS.

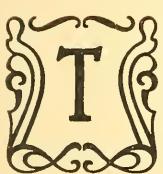
A TALE OF THE PATAPSCO.

A TRIBUTE TO BRITAIN.

Written in response to words of praise of America and
the American people at the beginning of the
Spanish War in the British Parliament.



THE ELLICOTTS FLOOD.

HE incidents of the Ellicotts poem are from the narrative of an eye-witness, who is supposed to tell the story as narrated in the poem.

In the early spring of the year 1868 there was an excess of rain, which continued so long that the Baltimore churches of a large denomination offered up prayers that the rain might cease. Their prayers appeared to be answered. There came a dry season, which blighted all vegetation and which continued until nearly the close of summer.

In the month of July the churches of another large body of Christians prayed for rain. Their prayer appears also to have been answered, but in a way they did not anticipate. It descended in torrents, causing on the 24th of July a terrible flood which swept the streets of Baltimore, flooding many business places, carrying away all the bridges but one, which spans a sluggish stream dividing East and West Baltimore. Some street cars were also carried away.

But this flood descended in its wildest fury on Ellicotts, a city near Baltimore. Many of

its inhabitants lost their lives and were with their houses swept away.

All prayer—even formal prayer—is laudable. It is an acknowledgment of an overruling intelligent Creator. But the most fervent prayers are in times of danger, joy, or affliction, when the soul rises spontaneously to its God, perhaps even without words.

We are taught to pray for daily bread, but we are not taught to petition how the Creator is to guide the elements to give us that bread. When we supplicate to direct the elements as we desire, are we not worthy of the rebuke of Omar Khayyam, the Persian astronomer and classic poet, who wrote, “who art Thou to teach and He to learn”?



ELLICOTTS.

A TALE OF THE PATAPSCO.

PRAYERS.

PRAYER in Thy holy temples, Lord ;
oh, hear
Upon Thine altars rise ! oh, lend
Thine ear

The sacred offerings of Thy people's prayer !
We Thee beseech unto our cry attend,
The falling, pouring rain, oh, let it end !
As thou once hearkened to Thy prophet, Lord,
And stayed the rain of heaven upon his word.
Then hear our voice, attend unto our call,
Let glorious sunshine break heav'n's misty pall.

Our prayers on high ascend, and sunny rays
Give gladdening promise of the brighter days;
While from afar upon each downy wing,
With gorgeous plumage, see the birds of spring.
Our lovely vales are dressed in richest green
And browsing cattle on our hills are seen.
These pleasing signs in hopeful promise tell
Our prayers are heard and all with us is well.

Prayers once more in Thy temples, Lord ; oh,
hear
Upon Thine altars rise ! oh, lend Thine ear
The supplications of Thy people's prayer ;

We Thee beseech unto our cry attend,
Upon our thirsty earth let rain descend.
The fiery sun absorbs with withering blight,
All herbage dies, flocks languish in our sight ;
Then hear our voice, attend unto our call,
Open Thy cloudy gates that rain may fall.

'Twas thus we prayed in spring and summer
time,
Hoping to move the Majesty Divine.
We would control with our weak finite mind,
With thoughtless wish the Infinite would bind.
While yet perchance in careless accents run
Thy will, oh, gracious God ! not ours, be done.
How oft with impious haste, with rushing feet,
We reckless bow before the mercy seat ;
Oh, how shall we direct the erring thought,
In holy prayer approach Thee as we ought ?

ELLICOTTS.

Where toiling men in peaceful homes abide,
Through Ellicott's Patapsco's waters glide.
The flowing stream propels her busy mills,
While from her banks arise her granite hills.
A small stream running from the river's foam,
From there half circling formed an island home.

There childhood's voice in happy play arose,
There tired nature found a sweet repose.
This quiet vale in peaceful slumber lay,
A welcome shower, marked the closing day.

No danger's sound alarms the hours of night
And healthy labor hails the morning light.
No cause for fear, no reason for dismay,
No hungry lion ambushed for his prey,
No tiger crouching in his hidden lair,
No foe, no pestilence, no famine there.
There's danger oft upon the briny deep,
Where angry billows rage and tempests sweep !
But ocean's waves can never reach us here,
No shipwrecked seamen in this vale appear.
Yet o'er us, lo! there hangs that fabled blade
Which in mid air by single hair was stayed.

Refreshed at morn from slumbers of the night
Our people rise with clouded morning light.
Some to their labors go with happy smile,
Others with homely cares the hours beguile.
To all in visions of the coming years
In brightest colors what they wish appears.
Life's path in beauty for the lovers glow,
In dreams their future years with raptures
flow.
C 1

Many have thoughts of gold in manhood's prime;
One craves for knowledge as the wealth of time;
With smiling infant is the mother blessed;
The aged man desires only rest.
Some would from every care and trouble flee,
And one, austere, a saint on earth would be.
But dreams must vanish, there descends a pall,
Ere hour of noon our crumbling dwellings fall.

THE STORM.

The storm has burst upon the distant hills,
Wild waters gushing from a thousand rills;
Gathering streamlets, swiftly rushing, glide
To roaring torrents, down the mountain side.
The deep and long embedded rock in wrath
Is swept with fury from the torrent's path.
That ancient sturdy oak, which towering stood,
Is quick uprooted by that boiling flood,
And flies like cannon bolt in battle fray,
Working destruction on its onward way.
Fiercely these seething waters foaming dash
Amidst the thunder's peal and lightning's flash.

Our busy workers by Patapsco's side
Note not that higher far her waters glide.

The rushing flood is whirling on a main,
With terror wild attending on its train.
Oh! toilers, flee before that fatal time,
For ruin comes e'er ten of morning chime.
Fair Caroline! Why wilt thou lingering stay?
To welcome death is sad in thy young day.
Oh! for a friend to tell of danger nigh,
A warning voice to bid our people fly.
A watcher speedeth forth, but ah, too late!
Before him flies the messenger of fate.
The rushing, surging, angry waters swell
A fearful torrent down that narrow dell.

THE GRANITE MILLS.

In strength and beauty stand the granite mills
Nigh to the stream, beside those rugged hills;
New from their builder's hand their massive
form
Should safely guard them from the raging
storm.
Yet by that onward, roaring, mighty tide
Each well-laid stone and timber shall be tried,
For, tow'ring high above the safety wall,
Upon the mill the seething waters fall.
With trees and houses on their raging breast
Like hillocks floating on the billows' crest.

Oh, will it fall or firm withstand the strain
Of those wild waters rushing toward the main?

Standing alone upon that granite tower,
Calm in his bearing in that fearful hour,
A hero true, within himself a host,
Like Roman sentry who must keep his post;
The quivering tower 'neath his feet he feels,
The walls are swaying, just as drunkard reels.
On him is bent full many an anxious eye,
In vain ; that trusted friends to him are nigh,
No hand may succor nor can any save
From death that solitary hero brave.
That massive building to foundation rocks
As if shaken, by volcanic shocks.

Patapsco, where thy winding waters flow
Brings mingled thoughts to me of joy and woe;
Beside thy banks in boyhood I have played,
And there we plighted vows, my lovely maid.
Sweet friendship's chain by thee my soul en-
twined,
Forging those links which bind us to our kind.
But as I view thy ever flowing stream
A sadder vision comes, a darker dream,
Where, midst scenes of death and anguish wild,
I looked on ruin upon ruin piled.

Thy rushing waters, beside which I stood,
Bearing destruction in their angry mood.
In horror saw, nay, yet I see him still,
That lonely man upon the granite mill.
Its massive walls I saw, with curdling blood,
Fall, disappear within that surging flood.

THE TERROR.

Our granite bulwark gone, naught now can stay
Those raging waters on their onward way.
From roof to roof our people madly throng,
As houses fall before these waters strong.
Oh, hear that cry, that shriek of wild despair!
I cannot write all that I witnessed there.
I saw upon our island's watery vale
The mother quiver, heard her infant's wail;
Beheld the silent tear the strong man shed
While thinking of his dear ones' fate with dread;
The terror pictured on each youthful face,
The parting anguish, and the last embrace.

THOMAS AND MARGARETHA.

As truthful is the record of my tale,
I mention one who lived within our vale.
Thomas, a worthy doctor, learned and good,
Had made his home with us before the flood.

In youthful days he won his charming bride,
Margaretha true, became his joy and pride.
He saw a thousand maidens witching fair,
But only one his tender love may share.
Others with lofty souls might prove as kind,
Around her ever was his heart entwined;
And when he at the altar called her "Mine,"
Upon her ring engraved was "Ever Thine."
Their passing years deep happiness impressed,
With six fair children was their marriage blessed.

Thrice summoned to the sick that morn to
go,
He noted then the rising waters flow.
Beside his loved ones may not lingering stay,
When duty calls her mandate must obey.
Returning, when he reached Patapsco's side,
From them was severed by the rising tide.
Oh, wild his anguish! wild was his dismay
To witness his dear home just swept away.
He cannot aid nor unto them may fly;
Oh, it were blessed saving them to die.
But hope, sweet hope, revives within his
breast,
His home, of frame, against the next is pressed;
Thus dwelling bound to dwelling may abide
That rushing, raging river's mighty tide.

WILLIAM.

Who is this fearless man who aids them now?
Is he some valiant knight with visored brow,
Or lordly scion of some ancient race,
Who dares with death to struggle face to face?
He cannot claim descent of noble birth,
His humble lot with lowly of the earth.
He drew his sable hue from Afric's child;
From savage rude, perchance from chieftain
wild;
In youthful days he wore foul slavery's chain,
But links upon such souls impress no stain;
No terror can the tyrant's lash impart
For freedom's spirit dwelleth in the heart.
No nobler hero in this hour of need
When crumbling walls are swaying like a reed.
William, although thou art unknown to fame,
I pay this tribute to thy humble name.
Thy master's wife and children with thee there
Are guarded with a shepherd's tender care.
Amidst that turmoil and the wild alarm,
Wielding thy broad axe with sinewy arm,
Through dwelling unto dwelling cut the way,
Where stronger dwellings may the torrent stay;
Mother and children through each opening fly,
And to the last are round thee clustering nigh.

Margaretha strains her infant to her breast,
Another to thy manly heart is pressed.
Till deep engulfed beneath the surging wave
Together there, all find a watery grave.

THE FATHER.

In anguish deep too keen for falling tear
The father saw all sink and disappear.
With reason madly tott'ring on its throne
He wildly wails for them—his lost—his own.
We may not fathom, no tongue ever tell,
The burning thoughts which in his spirit swell,
For we may suffer in a second's chime
The anguish of an age of untold time.

Faithful, oh, Thomas, thy once youthful bride,
Though for a season sever'd from thy side.
When found in death with garments scarce a
trace,
Her child was locked in her last fond em-
brace.
Although dread chilly death can call her
“Mine,”
Upon her ring engraved was “Ever Thine.”
If spirits may, hers from the realm above
Looked down upon thee then in tender love.

HEROES.

Upon a bridge above the river's flow,
Where many struggling victims pass below,
Three heroes brave our people sought to save;
A few they rescued from that watery grave.
But midst their gallant work were forced to stay
When trembling planks beneath their feet gave
way.

Thus many perish, earthly help was vain,
Oh, who can paint the visions of their brain?
I cannot picture nor can pencil draw
The lines of thought and time's eternal law.
But I may view through fancy's airy dream
How crowding visions on their spirits stream;
How in one instant to them may appear
All that they passed in life through every year.
The future bright unfolded to their view,
Its endless life with all its glories true.
But days for them are o'er; that raging tide
Of conquering waters o'er the ruins glide.

THOUGHT AND TIME.

What thought and time are, wisdom cannot tell,
All endless days might in a moment dwell.
Thought infinite throughout the boundless
spheres
Shall flow eternal through the endless years.

An Eastern monarch wise, upon the strand
Stood beside one who held a magic wand.
That mighty sultan, that magician old,
Bade unto him eternity unfold.
“Wouldst thou have wondrous visions come to
thee?

Then plunge, great sir, thy head into this sea.”
He, bending, dipped but for a moment’s time,
In thought afar he roamed through every clime.
In battle fought, toiled, and wore slavery’s
chain

For untold years, until, through age, in pain
He died. Then stood again upon that strand
Beside him, who still held, that magic wand,
Who, when upbraided for that fearful time,
Said all had passed within a second’s chime.

THE SILENT PRAYER.

Above the river bank, on the hillside,
Like aspens quivering, nigh that rushing tide,
True and trusted friends, who, hovering near,
Look on the doomed in agony of fear.
Yon crowded room, thy bridal chamber death;
Where many helpless stand with bated breath,
Their thoughts, O God, ascending unto Thee;
For them no time for words or bended knee;

No muttered speech, no forms of prayer appear,
'Tis their souls' yearning cry which Thou wilt
hear,

For not in temples nor on sacred ground,
But in the heart is purest worship found.
From human souls Thy holiest altars rise,
The sweetest incense reaching to the skies.
For longer days in thought with Thee they've
striv'n,
And lo! eternal life to them is given.

A CHOSEN PEOPLE.

Hast Thou, O Lord, a chosen people here?
Can but a saintly few to Thee draw near?
No! All are Thine, of every faith and clime,
And treasured dear within a love divine.
Creator of the myriad worlds, in spheres
Which roll in glory through the endless years,
When savage bows before his idol stone,
His humble prayer ascendeth to Thy throne.
Oh, Thou a spirit art, who bends the knee
In heart must bow if they would worship Thee.
Shed forth Thy light and mercy from above,
For Thou, O God, art infinite in love.

THE MANGER.

Within Jerusalem, with prophets good,
In ancient days a gorgeous temple stood,
Where rarest woods with gold of Ophir shone,
There was foretold a Prince of David's throne,
Who would thy glories, Israel, bring again,
In peace and triumph over thee should reign.
And when the Eastern Magi from afar
Followed its course, that heavenly guiding star,
In manger laid and not on holy ground,
In swaddlings wrapped that wondrous babe
 was found,
For rich attire with diamonds glittering bright
Are nought but dross before His holy sight.

THEY LIVE ENSHRINED.

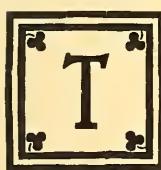
Although unto those raging waters nigh,
The angel dread of death had passed me by,
Those scenes have gone, the sun again appears,
But where our peaceful homes of bygone years?
Swept by the waters of that mighty flood,
We scarcely know where once they smiling
 stood.

How bitter from our treasured ones to part,
They live enshrined within our inmost heart.
Mary and Caroline in girlhood's prime,
Thus to be severed from the joys of time.

Elizabeth and thou, sweet Ellinore,
Those pretty prattling babes of years but four.
Why names and ages note when all were there
From infant child to sage of silvery hair.
They all are gone, but in Thy love secure
Will live with Thee while endless days endure.

A TRIBUTE TO BRITAIN FROM THE LAND OF
WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

(Written in response to a eulogy of America and the American people at the beginning of the late Spanish War in the English Parliament.)



HY green Isles, Britannia, are dear
to thee,
Thy gems of Ocean, midst thy surg-
ing sea,
Whose roaring, raging billows lash thy land
Around thy rock-bound coast, thy silvery
strand,
Which mighty ships defend, on every side
These fearless, steel-clad guardian angels glide.
Illustrious names adorn thy History's page,
Whose fame undying lives through every age.
Yet not all glory is a nation's life,
For thou hast felt the woes of civil strife.
In raging fruitless war, thy heroes bled
Where grow thy roses, blooming white and red.*

* It is said on the last battlefield grow white and red roses.

Though once for us were frowns upon thy brow,

Thou art our gentle mother, smiling now.

We hail thee, Britain, on our records stand
Names of great men, who hailed thee Father-
land;

To thee, brave nation, now no more our foe,
A debt of lasting gratitude we owe.

When we forbade the cruel hordes of Spain,
With patriot blood our western world to stain,
Thy magic wand bade hostile nations stay,
And frowning rulers hastened to obey.

Round red and white and starry blue combined
Thy thistle, rose, and shamrock were entwined.

Though at no royal shrine we bend the knee,
Britain's loved Queen we honor, bow to thee.

Exalted far above all regal state,

Thou stainless ruler of a people great;

A purer monarch never ruled thy land

Than thou who sways her sceptre in thy hand.

We never seek to conquer to enslave,

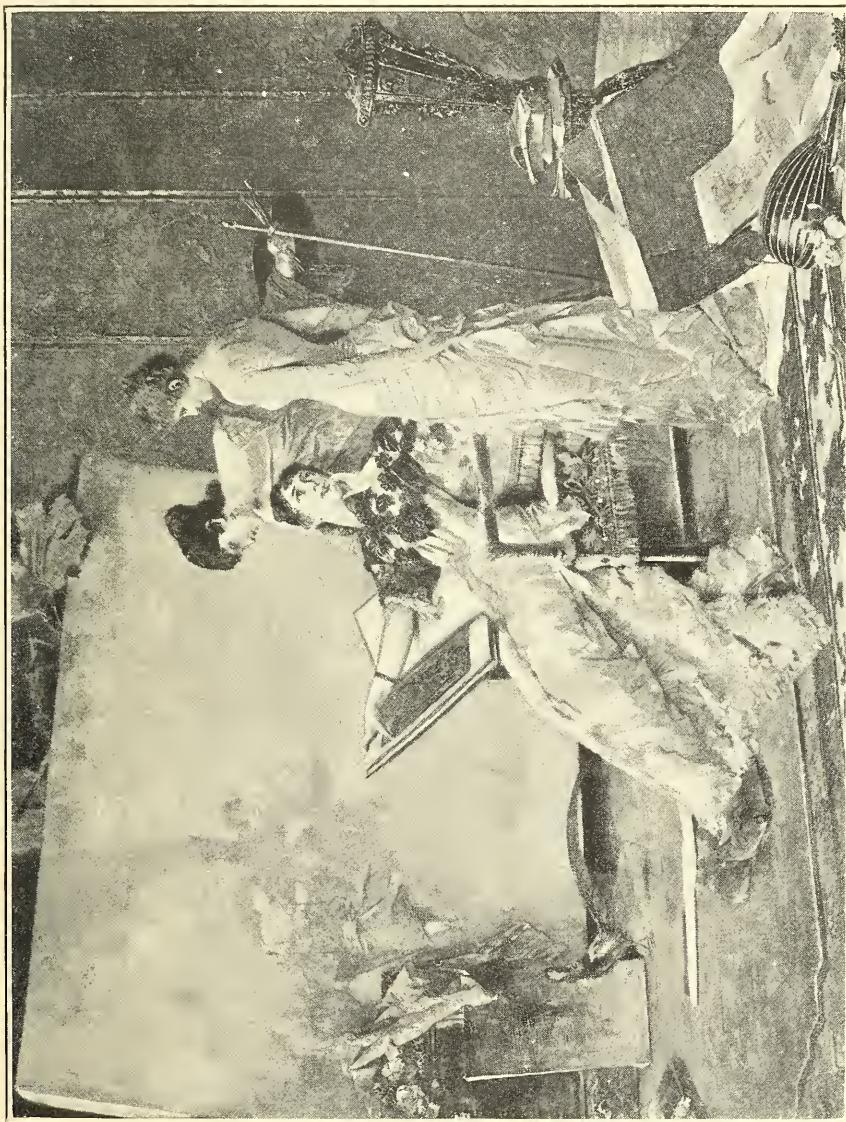
We fear not fiercest foe nor nations brave.

Rich in our mines, our plains and rivers grand

We toil, but covet not our neighbor's land;

And when unfurled our starry flag shall be
Oppression's scourge, defender of the free.

SKETCHING AND PAINTING:
THEIR ANTIQUITY, LANGUAGE, AND TEACHINGS.



THE VISIT TO THE STUDIO.

That gleam of the eye, that smile upon the beautiful lip, or that sunlight ray, when reproduced, may make the picture immortal.—Page 56.

SKETCHING AND PAINTING.

THEIR ANTIQUITY, LANGUAGE, AND TEACHINGS.

STHE arts of sketching and painting are among the most ancient. No record exists of their birth or infancy, for they belong to the misty Past, having existed long before the dawn of history. Literature and the Sciences impart to their students knowledge and the power of thought, but the Fine Arts impart a refinement purely their own. The man who would make himself master of the world's literature, to be thorough, must acquire its many languages ; Art, however, needs no linguist to translate its teachings and unfold its beauties, for it speaks through the eye to men of every land. It has one universal language—there is no confusion of tongues. To the student of Art every picture has its own lesson to unfold. If he possesses a picture, no matter how crude, sketched or painted in the long-forgotten past, it will tell its own tale. The rude artist who once traced it ; the language of the people to whom he belonged ; nay, even that people, may have passed away from the memory of man, yet that crude sketch will narrate something of their story.

What is true of one picture is in a larger sense true also of those of various nations. The paintings of each teach their own lesson, telling of the manner of life, the customs and costumes of their people, and their religious beliefs. The Italian artist in glowing colors paints the robes and the emblems of the faith of his fathers; his canvas is adorned with heavenly, angelic visitants, bearing their message of glad news to man, and also with the saints of his faith, around whose heads he clusters innumerable rays of light, forming ethereal crowns, each of which is far more beautiful than that of any earthly monarch. In contrast to his Italian brother the artist of Holland or of Scotland portrays a simpler but sterner faith.

IDEAL COMBINATIONS.

Using the word "create" in its primitive meaning, neither the painter nor the author can create anything; they can only paint or describe conceptions founded on Nature. They may by brush or word unfold some strange combinations of the real, mingling in their sketches various lineaments of Nature. Yet, although they cannot create, their combina-

tions of the wild, the terrible, and the beautiful are to the beholder a source of endless interest and of pleasure. Their weird, fantastic pencil or word-sketch quickens the intellect of their votaries, and thus improves them. Any one who is merely a realist is an uninteresting person. The poet Campbell thus poetically describes the ideal combination of a Rhodian painter:

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The Queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of
Greece.

To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face,
And, as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasured all their
smiles ;

Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and re-
fined,
And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when com-
bined :

Love on the picture smiled! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there!—and Greece adored!

TWO DIFFERENT VIEWS OF A PICTURE—IDEAL AND REALISTIC.

The canvas of some great artist, such as Michael Angelo, Raphael, or Murillo, may present to our view the beautiful conception of an angel. We gaze with wonder and admiration upon the picture of the heavenly inhabitant, and our imagination, soaring above earth, lifts us in spirit to its glorious abode. In vision we see the wall of that City whose foundations are “garnished with all manner of precious stones.” We walk through the golden streets, by the river of life, clothed in robes of white, and join before the great Throne in the eternal song of praise. While these thoughts fleet through our brain, were it not for the command, “See thou do it not,” we would almost bow in adoration before the lovely image on the painter’s canvas. At last we awaken from our enraptured dream to the real in life. The spiritual being has vanished, and our angel assumes to our now realistic vision a new form; it is of the earth earthy—still indeed beautiful, but made up of incongruities. In form and feature it resembles a most lovely woman adorned with the wings of a large bird. We turn away from the great painting muttering

“How absurd!” while memory perhaps recalls the satirical description by Lord Byron of an angel:

“Waving a goodly wing, which glowed, as
glows
An earthly peacock’s tail, with heavenly
dyes.”

But why should he thus criticise this work of the artist? The poet may satirize the grand conception of the painter, but he himself meets a similar fate when some dabbler in verse writes a parody on one of his finest poems: we can never afterward read his sublime lines without that wretched parody spoiling their beauty. It is narrated of Napoleon Bonaparte that when he looked upon the miserable routed remnant of that Grand Army which he led forth in glory to achieve the conquest of Russia, he exclaimed, “There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous!” It is not best to dwell too much upon the absurd side of life, nor to view everything from a realistic standpoint. To forbid the author or the artist the privilege of their beautiful flights of fancy, or even of their wild and weird pictures of the imagination, would deprive us of one of our chief pleasures.

THE ARTIST'S FIELD FOR WORK.

Like everything earthly, the scope for the work of the artist's pencil and brush has its limits. No one can paint a spirit except it be clothed with some material form—for man cannot conceive of anything that is not in some way connected with matter. Who can fully read the soul of his dearest friend! Cranch truly says,

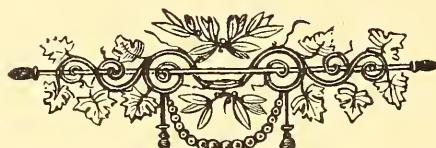
“We are spirits clad in veils:
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.”

Yet, although we cannot see the naked soul, we can perceive many of its workings when clothed with this garb of flesh. To portray these workings is the province of the painter. When our spirits are stirred by any strong emotion, the expression of our faces will generally inform even the careless observer from what passion that emotion springs; he will easily determine by a single glance whether it comes from hope or fear, love or hate, joy or sorrow. The nature of the vital principle within us may also be determined by our ac-

tions and conversation. But the most clever artist cannot produce a picture of our soul when it quits its earthly tenement.

Although the scope for the painter's pencil is, as we have said, limited, yet in another sense it may be considered to be almost infinite. The whole material universe within the range of the artist's vision, as far as his eye can discern, is his ; through all this vast field his thoughts and fancy can roam at pleasure, his spirit drinking in the very soul of Nature. He produces on his canvas, as his own moods may vary, her frowns and smiles. - The material of which his skill may avail itself is so vast that, were all the human race to become artists, they could only use of it a very small portion. Nature, as far as the discoveries of man have unfolded it, is an ever-changing quantity—an endless panorama. If we may compare "great things by small," we would liken it to a vast kaleidoscope exhibiting "a never-ending series of beautiful images." In producing a picture of one of Nature's eternally dissolving views the great artist manifests his skill. He may have only caught the gleam of an eye, the smile upon a beautiful lip, or a ray of sunshine in some secluded glen ; but that gleam of the

eye, that smile upon the beautiful lip, or that sunlit ray, when reproduced may make the picture immortal. A thing once seen may never again be beheld by a human eye—for in the work of the Creator there is no sameness.



SONGS.

PATRIOTIC, SENTIMENTAL, AND SEMI-COMIC.

D 2

57

WE WERE DAUNTELESS YOUNG MEN THEN.

A BATTLE SONG OF THE REPUBLIC.

(DEDICATED TO THE MEN WHO SAVED THE NATION.)



ITH our starry banners streaming,
Bayonets in the sunbeams gleaming,
With martial music's thrilling flow,
While marching on to meet the foe :
Tens of thousands hailed us gladly,
Cheering, shouting wildly ! madly !
With thrilling hearts, all fire aglow,
While marching on to meet the foe.

We were dauntless young men then,
We were daring young men then.

Where the hissing shells were screaming
And the life blood fast was streaming ;
The fire of conflict in each eye,
While clouds of deadly missiles fly :
Four summers' suns, four winters' snows,
We sternly fought our gallant foes :
Homeward then with joy returning
All our hearts on fire a-burning.

We were dauntless young men then,
We were joyful young men then.

Yet amidst our songs of gladness,
There were tender notes of sadness,
While our bayonets dimmed were gleaming,
Over faces tears were streaming,
For the loved ones left behind,
For our heroes left behind.

Now our battle flags are tattered
And our boys are shattered, scattered,
With silvery locks and wrinkled brow,
They all are only old men now.

With silvery locks and wrinkled brow,
They all are only old men now.

Still we love to tell the story
Of our banner furled in glory:
For human rights o'er land and sea
Forever float that emblem free,
When we have crossed the mystic line
Which bounds the span of earthly time,
Stained with blood our heroes gave it,
Children's children still shall wave it,
They would perish to defend it,
Foes shall never, never rend it.

They are dauntless young men now,
They are daring young men now.

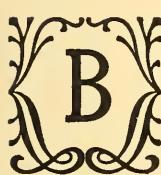


THE SONG.

My mother heart would hail with joy
My loved, my lost, my wand'ring boy.—Page 61.

MY LOVED, MY LOST, MY WAND'RING BOY.

MOTHER.

Y husband loved, by girl and boy,
In early years how pure my joy.
Two cherished ones have gone to
rest,
One breathed her last on mother's breast;
My only son is lost to me
On distant shore or raging sea;
Thus drear and lonely is my lot,
With frugal fare and humble cot.

Oh! how my heart would thrill with joy
To welcome home my wand'ring boy,
My Mother heart would hail with joy
My loved, my lost, my wand'ring boy.

SON.

Away from thee, away from home,
Through many changing scenes I roam;
While wand'ring far o'er land and sea
I never failed to think of thee.
When trouble came, with passion tossed,
And every glimpse of heav'n was lost;
Then pointing to "the gates ajar,"
Thy love was still my guiding star.

Then pointing to "the gates ajar,"
 Thy love was still my guiding star.
 Through dreary wastes, in wilds afar,
 Thy love was still my guiding star.

Full weary of a world of strife,
 I come to cheer thy lonely life,
 With gains enough to yield us joy,
 Oh! welcome back thy wand'ring boy.
 My wand'rings over to life's close,
 Our years will pass in calm repose,
 In viewing heav'n through "gates ajar,"
 Thy love shall be my guiding star.

In viewing heav'n through "gates ajar,"
 Thy love shall be my guiding star.
 In dreary wastes, 'midst wilds afar,
 Thy love has been my guiding star.

CAN THIS BE JOE, MY LONG-LOST JOE?

HEN parted from my early love
 I thought I would have died,
 As blithe a lad as ever roamed
 Along the mountain side.
 Oh! he was dashing, brave, and free;
 I dearly loved my Joe,
 And all the world seemed lost to me
 When father bade him go.

And all the world seemed lost to me
When father bade him go.

Last eve I heard when passing by
A name, which still hath charms,
Of bloated man with bleary eye;
That name! my heart alarms.
Can this be Joe, my long-lost Joe?
For whom I grieved so ever,
With red-tipped nose and gouty toes,
I won't believe it—never!
Dear Joe, I thought not so;
Dear Joe, it can't be so!

With red-tipped nose and gouty toes,
I won't believe it—never!
Dear Joe, I thought not so;
Dear Joe, it can't be so!

WHAT HARRY PROMISED ME.

N wedded bliss he promised
Our happy hours would flee,
Only pleasures in our home
That Harry promised me;
To live in stately mansion,
With lawn and garden room,
Where richest fruits would cluster,
Choicest flowers would bloom.

In this mansion fair to see
 I would always happy be,
 Was what Harry promised me.

This blissful promised future—
 From dear lips, Harry, thine—
 That joyous life you pictured
 Was never to be mine;
 Thy fervent love soon vanished,
 Deserted then by thee;
 This hut is not the mansion
 Which Harry promised me.

CAN THIS BE MAY?

N youthful prime I loved a maid,
 Her smile like morning ray;
 With graceful step and fairy form,
 My charming, lovely May.
 In woe I left that winsome lass,
 With choking sighs we parted,
 Never to meet again, we sighed,
 And we were broken hearted.

Never to meet again we sighed,
 And we were broken hearted.

I oft have quaffed the cup of joy,
The cup of trouble, too,
For choicest fruit and bitter herbs
Along my pathway grew.
Another's smile, another's love,
Hath charmed my manhood's day;
The image of a long passed dream,
My gentle, blooming May.

The image of a long passed dream,
My gentle, blooming May.

While musing thus of youthful days
I passed an agéd dame,
An early friend, with breathing low,
Whispered a once loved name.
Can this be May, with wrinkled brow,
With feeble step and slow;
The girl I loved with golden locks,
Some fifty years ago?

The girl I loved with golden locks,
Some fifty years ago.

Oh! thus the flower of youth will pass
And beauty fade away;
The winsome lass we dote upon
Is doomed to Time's decay.

I pine no more, for vanished long
 That youthful, loving spell,
 Yet memory of those bygone days
 Within my heart will dwell.

Yet memory of those bygone days
 Within my heart will dwell.

WITHIN THE GARDEN GATE.

JONATHAN.

 WOULD love to marry Jeanie,
 But nights would seem too long
 For to hear her always singing
 Her never-ending song.
 Would be waiting for my coming
 If I tarried out too late;
 She would listen for my footsteps
 Within the garden gate.

You could never equal Jeanie
 Among the lassies fair,
 Though many of them beautiful,
 None can with her compare.
 She truly is the sweetest lass
 Who dwells in Cupid's bower;
 I will surely marry Jeanie
 If she has a dower!

MISS JEANIE.

You shall never marry Jeanie.
 What! let the neighbors see
 An old wretch crawling, creeping in
 With his sneaky latch key?
 You shall never marry Jeanie,
 She never cared for you;
 She will choose a laddie faithful,
 Whose heart is ever true.

The tinkling of the wine glasses
 When winter nights are long,
 Not the voice of bonnie lasses
 To you the sweetest song;
 You shall never marry Jeanie,
 Your love is only rot,
 You shall never marry Jeanie,
 You old conceited sot!

C H A I N E D.

OVE is a vision of the brain,
 By nature planted there,
 There's only one we dote upon
 'Midst thousands brave or fair.
 We might unclasp all other bonds,
 Like prisoners then be free,

But there is one to whom we're chained
Wherever we may be.

Ah! there is one to whom we're chained
Wherever we may flee.

No dungeon can our spirits bind,
Our visions free as air
To wander far in distant lands
And seek oblivion there.

But parted from the one we love,
Our bonds shall still remain,
For love can weave its brittle web
Stronger than iron chain.

For love can weave its brittle web
Stronger than iron chain.

Oh! what a tyrant love can be
With fetters strong to bind,
Unseen its adamantine chain,
With which it girds mankind.
Oh! what rending of our souls
To burst its magic spell,
When to the idol of our youth
We breathe our last farewell.

When to the idol of our youth
We breathe our last farewell.



THE FIANCÉE.

For love can weave its brittle web
Stronger than iron chains.—Page 68.

A LIFE'S ILLUSIONS.

A TALE OF FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND WAR.

A LIFE'S ILLUSIONS.

A TALE OF FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND WAR.

THE HERO OF THE TALE.

HENRY G—— was a strange character in the affairs of life : he was an active, practical man, yet possessing so much of the quiet spirit of the philosopher that no event, no matter how important or even alarming it might be, seemed to disturb the even tenor of his thoughts. The observer might say, "This man is a stoic," but those who were acquainted with him and had a clearer insight into his character knew that this apparent stoicism was only on the surface, and that a strong human sympathy pervaded every fibre of his being. "What a calm, contented life," thought I, when I first made his acquaintance, "he must have led!" I did not then know his history, and had, therefore, about him to learn that

"The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er :
So calm are we when passions are no more."

We met occasionally in our every-day life and sometimes spent an hour together discussing passing events, the wonders of science,

or the works of authors of ancient and of modern times. One day our conversation turned upon the writings of the poet Keats. "What a wonderful line of his that is," said I:

"‘A thing of beauty is a joy forever.’

It haunts my brain; I cannot forget it; I find myself repeating it again and again. What does Keats mean? If a thing of beauty produces endless joy, why may not a beautiful person also produce lasting joy?" I was so engrossed with my own soliloquy that I did not perceive the effect which my words had on my philosophic friend until I heard him exclaim, "No, no! beauty does not produce lasting joy." Rising from where he was seated, he turned quickly away and left without even bidding me good-by. His unceremonious departure and emotion over a trifling observation so surprised me that I could scarcely realize that he was gone.

When we met again a few days later, all his excitement had disappeared and he seemed once more the same calm philosopher which I had hitherto supposed him to be. He apologized for his late abrupt departure. "I frequently persuade myself," said he, "that I

have completely mastered the passions that once filled my soul ; but the truth is, that notwithstanding my philosophy, even yet the smouldering fires of my youth will sometimes burst into a new flame."

At my earnest solicitation he narrated the story of his life. As he told it to me, I have written it out for your entertainment, my reader.

A LIFE'S ILLUSIONS.

HENRY G——'S STORY.

PART I.

YOUTHFUL DAYS.

IFE'S pictured scenes, how beautiful
they seem
In youthful days ! In fancy's fairy
dream
All earthly joys in brightest colors glow,
While fleeting hours with blissful pleasures
flow ;
Nature appears all lovely to our sight.
The frost of time those early joys may blight,
But memory will always treasure dear
The vanished raptures of each bygone year :

Our souls enshrine those happy hours of youth,
So full of fancy, wonder, love, and truth ;
Nor can our after pleasures e'er repay
For lost illusions of our early day.
Within that dream-land lived I, as a child,
And there the morning dawn of life beguiled.

MY MOTHER.

I was my mother's pensive, foward boy :
For me was all her trouble, all her joy.
Her tender love,—such love as mothers know,
The purest, truest flame that earth can show,—
That yearning love of my sweet mother mild
Would shield, from dreadful War, her wayward
child ;
For longing I had yearned in early life
To mingle in the fields of martial strife,
And emulate in battle's conflict dire
Heroic deeds of my illustrious sire,
Who, brave, had fallen in the glorious fray
Leading his men where triumph crowned the
day ;
Leaving a name amongst that gallant band
Who, conquering, perish for their native land.

To change this spirit of my youthful dream,
Sweet human love was still my mother's theme :

She prayed a truer light my soul might raise,
And pleasant, peaceful labor fill my days,
Weaning me from the thoughts of blood afar,
The gilded trappings of triumphant war,
The love of conquest, of a warrior's name,
The grand illusion of a hero's fame,
And anchor me on Heaven's eternal plan.
Unfolding love to God from love to man ;
Her yearning cry, my heart with love to bind,
That I might live the friend of human kind.
Uprose her gentle voice, her fervent prayer,
In vain : where glory called, my soul was there.

With dreams of war thus passed my youthful
day,

My gentle mother fading fast away.
I saw her languid form, her drooping eye,—
I loved, but never thought that death was nigh;
And when one night she stood beside my bed,
And with her boy for nobler thoughts she
plead,

My heart was hard ; but from her holy calm
Came tenderness, and to my soul a balm.
She, bending o'er me, that sweet mother dear,
Bedewed my cheek with many a falling tear,
And with a dying kiss almost divine
She breathed her gentle spirit into mine,

And there, reclining o'er me, on my bed,
My nearest, dearest, earthly friend lay dead.

SCHOoled TO THE SUBLIME.

I will not tell the story of my grief,
My pent-up woe which could not find relief;
But I was changed: no more the thoughtless
boy,

The dreams of war no more my days employ;
I learned to read the philosophic page,
And Nature's open book my thoughts en-
gage;—

With my new spirit and my altered mind
Became the friend and helper of my kind,
I learned to prize the beautiful and grand,—
The dear enchantments of my native land:
What joy to hear, upon that rock-bound shore,
Wild Ocean's storms, her angry billows' roar;
To see far, far around her dark rocks play
The lightning's flash amidst her dashing spray.

And thus my soul was schooled to the sublime
Midst vast upheavals of some ancient time;
For I was born where Nature's cliffs are piled
In frowning, tow'ring, rugged grandeur wild,
Whose stately forms and dusky shades are seen,
Telling what is, repeating what has been;

Bearing again in sweet remembrance round
Each dying echo and each long-lost sound.
Here, in the bud of life, in Spring's young
day,

My youthful hours were wasted on their way,
With scarce enough of hidden care to know
This bright and beauteous world contained a
woe;

No cloud upon my azure sky was seen,
My blooming bliss was lost midst vernal green.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

When mother died, and my first grief was o'er,
I found a friend to comfort me once more.
O Edgar! in that hour of youth how free,
How joyous was the converse held with thee
When, linked together by that sacred flame
Which blendeth soul with soul,—sweet Friend-
ship's name!

Oft, when the studies of the day were o'er,
We wandered free along that sea-girt shore,
Or rambled far, from mountain unto glen,
To stray secluded from the haunts of men,
And pledged no coming storm or future strife
Should ever mar the concord of our life:
For friendship's chain in golden color shone,—
The baser metal was to me unknown.

Thus, from my boyhood unto manhood's dawn,
In pleasant converse early years fled on,
When, o'er the day-dream of my youth there
came,

With thoughts of happy home, a tender flame,
A dream of Eden;—of a lovely form
Which would earth's fairest palaces adorn,—
A being made for me, and only mine,
Whom in my inmost heart I would en-
shrine,

Who should my very life, my all control,
And ever be the centre of my soul.

While musing thus, there passed before my
sight

A vision glorious as the morning light :
A child of earth, but oh, how heavenly fair !
Hers was a form of wondrous beauty rare.
Enthralled I stood; my soul was in a maze,
Feeling that I could there unceasing gaze,
To drink deep draughts from love's delicious
stream,

And live forever in enchanted dream.

Oft the sweet thrill of rapture I have felt
While on the beautiful my soul hath dwelt,—
All that in nature or in art adorns,
Earth's fairest images, her grandest forms,—

But naught so lovely ever met my sight
As she, who thrilled me with a pure de-
light.

Oh could I paint!—but no, all art were vain
To bring that living picture back again!
Her lovely form is graven in my breast,
And there forever must her image rest.

She passed. Within her home and by her
side

I wooed, I won fair Ellen for my bride.
Naught could my loving ardor then control,
I throned her deity within my soul,
And knelt and worshipped at that lovely
shrine,

Deeming the image to be all divine;
Believing in that maiden, witching fair,
Full every grace and virtue must be there,
Not counting she was but a child of clay,
The bright illusion of my youthful day;
Like Keats, I could not bliss from beauty
sever,

“A thing of beauty” seemed “a joy forever.”
Within her thrall I to her faults was blind,
Counting her beauty index of her mind;
How could I dream, within a form so fair,
A faithless spirit found its dwelling there?

Bliss keeps no record, notes no daily chime,
Alike a moment or an age of time;
Sorrow's slow creeping hours will numbered go,
Joy drinks the sweets which from life's pleasures flow.

I passed with Ellen months of calm delight,
Cared not to measure time nor mark his flight:

How pure the bliss of our first youthful love!
Scarce purer may the blessed feel above.
My life seemed hallowed by a heavenly light,
Like some fair passing vision of the night,
Lifting my soul to live with angel kind,
That came and went, but left me here behind.
A time of Eden unto each is given,
Then we are banished from that earthly heaven.

Few of the finer feelings may we trace
Where sloth and ignorance afflict our race;
In cultured natures, in the more refined,
The keener felt the anguish of the mind.
Had I been born within some lowly cot,
And life's hard struggle been my early lot,
Or wealth not flowed on me in golden stream,
My youth would not have passed in fancy's dream,

In love and friendship would have less believed,
Nor fondly trusted to have been deceived,
And, better fitted for a world of strife,
· Calmer had flowed the current of my life.

Edgar, my early friend I deemed so true,
I parted from e'er I my Ellen knew,
But, when he came again, once more we
strayed

By those loved haunts where in our youth we
played;

And with my friend and Ellen by my side,
We roamed afar the verdant valley wide,
While Edgar told of scenes in distant land,
Of lovely fruitful plains and mountains grand,
Of passes narrow, in a rugged dell
Blood-dyed, where many gallant heroes fell;
And Ellen wondered while each tale he told,
Of modern valor and of deeds of old,—
Listened with bated breath and eye of flame,
Of fields that daring won in freedom's name;
And when, with altered mood, his theme
would change

To happy scenes where youthful pleasures
range,—

Of joyous song, of dance and minstrel's lay,
In festive halls where beauty held the sway,

Her soul, responsive to his every tone,
Would, thirsting, languish for these joys un-
known.

From purest love our keenest pang will
spring;

We to our bosoms press the blissful sting:
For who the beauty of the rose would scorn
Because beneath it grows the prickly thorn?
Oh, what is life, if love no longer smile!—
Not all earth's riches could our days beguile;
Without its magic light e'en heaven were
drear,

Vain were the glories of that holy sphere;
Or if within that pictured region's* gloom
Where erring, chastened spirits meet their
doom,

The purest love were there, its fires would
glow

With flames of burning bliss, and not of woe;
Not all the riches of the salty main,
Love lost, could bring life's pleasures back
again.

There came a sudden change, I knew not
how:

A dark cloud gathered on fair Ellen's brow,

* Dante's *Inferno*.



WITHOUT A CLOUD.

From purest love our keenest pang will spring,
We to our bosoms press the blissful sting ;
For who the beauty of the rose would scorn
Because beneath it grows the prickly thorn ?—Page 82.

Then passed away, and as in days gone by
I saw the love-light gleaming in her eye;
When trustingly her welcome smile I woo,
Then came that cloud again, and blacker grew.
A moment's sunshine, or a flickering lamp,
A gleam of warmth, then dark and chilly
damp;
And when I sought her clouded brow to clear
With loving words which once she liked to
hear,
A rigid living statue cold she stood,
An icicle to me, in her strange mood:
All beautiful, each grace without alloy,
But to my frozen soul she brought no joy.
Thus wild and tender thoughts o'er me had
power,
And love and frenzy ruled each passing hour.
A cruel doubt will plant the fiercest sting,
The sharpest anguish from a joy will spring:
With Ellen's smile the world to me was
bright,
But from her frown there came a withering
blight.
At this the sage may smile, the cynic stare,
But human passions rule this world of care:
Beginning with our birth, they scarce decay
Till life's last closing hour has passed away.

On whirlwind tempests passion oft will ride,
But reason's province always is to guide.

Days many fleeting go,—we note them not;
In life there is a day that's ne'er forgot,—
Within our very souls its memories burn,
Through after years its scathing thoughts
return;

Like blazing comet in eternal flight,
It wends its endless way and sheds its light;
If dark that day, its shadow casts a gloom
O'er life's bright way which withers early
bloom:

Such unto me my promised nuptial day,
When faithless friend and loved one fled away.

I cannot draw that scene; its thought still
flows

With fire, as crater's molten lava glows:
I felt the grief of ages o'er me roll,
Burning my youth, my life, my very soul,
Till, tearing from my heart the treasured flame
Of faithless love and friendship, I became—
A cynic?—no! a cynic be who can,
For I was formed to love my fellow man,—
Became a weary man, unfit for strife,
Unfit to mingle in the joys of life.

What scenes within our days can fate provide !
In after time I stood by Ellen's side :
How changed!—a meekness o'er her spirit
 passed,
Bending, as lily bendeth to the blast ;
Her eye, once vying with the peerless gem,
Drooped like a flower severed from its stem :
For o'er her lustre and her youthful bloom
Was cast the shadow of an early tomb.
Virtues unseen will bud beneath His rod,
For the crushed spirit turneth to its God.

Beneath a little mound of new-heaped clay
Her first-born, only son in slumber lay ;
While he who gladly hailed her as his bride
Had basely fled before their infant died.
Cold in that grave, in my deep sorrow wild
I laid fair Ellen by her buried child :
Resting in slumber sweet beneath the sod,
Within the care and mercy of their God.
And now in silence I will draw the veil
Forever o'er this portion of my tale.

PART II.

WAR'S ILLUSIONS DISPELLED.

To all unknown, a passion, sages tell,
Slumbering deep in countless hearts will dwell ;

Although unfelt, such passion when possessed,
And springing from some fierce forefather's
breast

Who lived, perchance, a thousand years be-
fore,

May wake to life within our hearts once more.
And this might be: with thrilling nerves I
know

The thirst for war within my soul would glow,
When men unfaithful to a nation's trust
Would hurl fair freedom's banner to the dust.
O Freedom! ever precious in my sight,
Thy noble heroes were my soul's delight!

My heart has throbbed exultant to thy name,
And I have worshipped at thy altar's flame;
Thy spirit's light has kindled in mine eye,
And I for thee enrolled have dared to die.

FORT SUMTER.

Hailed by the foeman's fiercest ringing yell,
Our flag, which floated free o'er Sumter, fell;
The nation rose again to place it high
Or with their blood its silken threads to dye.
From Rocky Mountains' heights to Oceans'
main

In wrath they came to wash away that stain,

And that dear flag with folds again unfurled
To float as freedom's emblem for the world.
Thy teachings, O my mother! where were
they?—

By me forgotten on that muster-day;
For beautiful it seemed, that banner bright,—
Symbol of law, of freedom, and of right.

WAR.

O War! how terrible thy ranks appear!—
Thy charging columns with their ringing
cheer;
Thy bloody sod; the raging, deadly strife
Of soldier thirsting for a soldier's life;
Thy glitt'ring steel, thy hissing, shrieking
shells,
Thy roaring gun, whose smoky thunder
swells;
The heaps of slaughtered on that fatal day;
The wounded, dying midst thy surging fray,
Writhing in agony amongst the dead,
While yelling foemen fiercely o'er them tread:
The love of dear ones never more to share,
With unquenched thirst, they bravely perish
there.

There may be glory for the conquering host,
But for the vanquished when the field is lost

There are no laurels—this the sum of all:
Rout, blood-stained garments for their funeral
pall.

THE PRISON-PEN.

Nigh to a struggling charger dying there,
Beside a putrid corse which taints the air,
Wounded, upon that battle-field laid low,
I was made captive by the vaunting foe,—
In that fraternal, cruel, fearful strife,
Where brother foemen sought their brothers'
life,—

And long immured within their prison-pen,
That filthy, loathsome tomb of living men:
Its horrid, deadly stench, our scanty food,
The crawling vermin feeding on our blood;
With tattered garments and with unkempt
hair,

Pale breathing skeletons we huddled there.
O hours of youth! where are thy visions
now

Of conquering banners and of laurelled brow,
Of deeds of valor e'er the set of sun
Heralded records of thy triumph won?
Through war's stern lesson they have passed
away,—

Those bright illusions of my boyhood day.

Time crawled. Exchanged from prison I was
free;
But oh, what then was liberty to me!—
Borne to my home, a wreck, with feeble
breath,
In pain, to struggle hard for life with death!
But healing came, and, casting off my load,
A healthy vigor through my sinews flowed;
While o'er my days there crept a tranquil rest,
And hope returning throbbed within my
breast.
Too long the story of my life to tell;
On after peaceful years I will not dwell.
In time, a loving wife upon me smiled,
And children fair my quiet days beguiled;
Friendship again around me wove her chain,
And beauty, joy, and love resumed their reign.

PART III.

PEACE CAME.

Peace came. It was a thrilling sight to see
Our flag, redeemed, o'er Sumter floating free.
From Rocky Mountains' heights to Oceans'
main

The people hailed that flag without a stain,
Their country safe, with liberty and law,
While nations gazed in wonder and in awe.

All honor give to that heroic band
Who fought through fire to save dear Free-
dom's land!

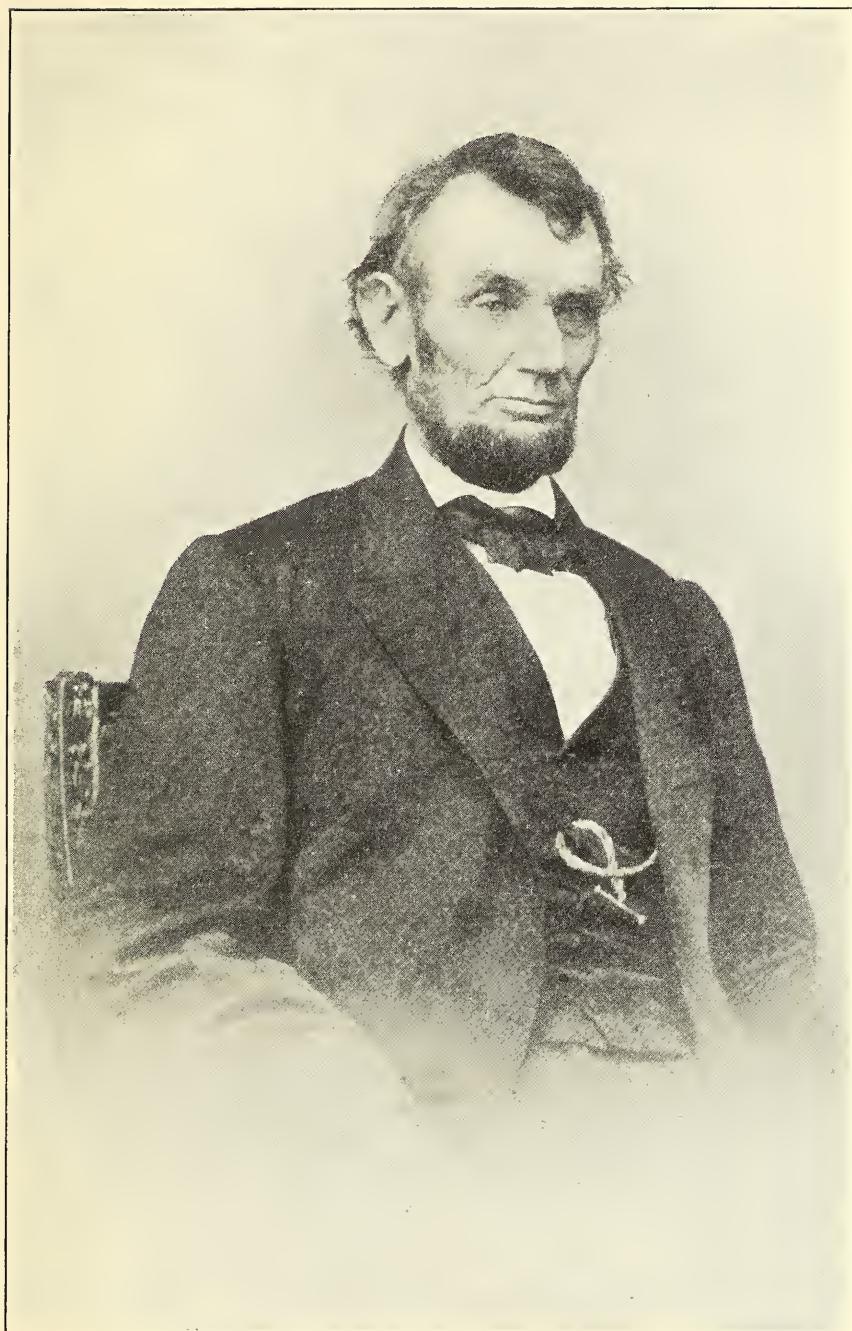
Of those whose names shall live on history's
page,
Whose fame resoundeth far, from age to age,
I honored many, name but one bright star,
Whose loving heart would check thy horrors,
War!

LINCOLN, immortal Chief,—not nobler name
In all the annals of our nation's fame:
Who guided safely through that raging flood,
And sealed our country's freedom with his
blood.

Our flag shall wave, o'er all our land unfurled,
The beacon-sign of freedom for the world.

Though tranquil are my closing years of life,
No billows surging and no inward strife,
I would not wish, like Pennsylvania's sage,
To live again my days from youth to age.*
O Franklin! though none wiser of thy race,
Remove a blot another may deface;

* "When I reflect, as I frequently do, upon the felicity I have enjoyed, I sometimes say to myself that, were the offer made me, I would engage to run again, from beginning to end, the same career of life. All I would ask should be the privilege of an author, to correct in a second edition certain errors of the first."—BENJ. FRANKLIN.



LINCOLN, immortal chief—not nobler name
In all the annals of our nation's fame;
Who guided safely through that raging flood,
And sealed our country's freedom with his blood.—Page 90.

To change thy course upon life's stormy sea
Would not from coming error rescue thee.
Avoid the main where we were tempest-
tossed,
And lo ! the current of our lives is lost ;
Steer clear the shoals where we were wrecked
before,
We strike on hidden rock, on unknown shore ;
For oh, upon life's ever-shifting tide
Are dangers new where'er our bark may
glide !

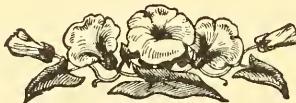
We live, upon this earth of constant change
From centre unto highest mountain-range,
As though it ever rolled amidst the spheres
Unchanged, unchangeable, through deathless
years !

Among those ever-shifting scenes of time
Our souls will languish for a life sublime,—
Midst rays divine of uncreated light
To bask forever in a calm delight.
While here, where Nature moves by those
fixed laws
For her created by the First Great Cause,
We humbly bow before that Lord of all,
Who guides by law, yet notes a sparrow's
fall ;

Though veiled from sight, God's providence
we own,
Working through wond'rous laws to us un-
known.

I would not tread life's rugged path again,
With all its joys, illusions, cares, and pain ;
But rather onward, through eternal time,
Press toward a life more blessed, more sub-
lime,—

Forever reaching forward toward that goal
Of God, the centre of each living soul ;
And by that crystal stream forever stray,
While purest love illumines an endless day
Where, in a tranquil bliss without alloy,
Beauty is wedded to eternal joy.



CONTROVERSIAL.

NO LIMIT TO INVESTIGATION.

A DREAM OF ENDLESS LIFE.

THOUGHTS CONCERNING DEITY AND
A FUTURE STATE.

INVESTIGATION.

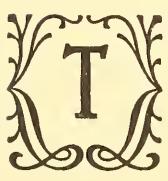
IN the *North American Review* some years ago appeared an article entitled "The Limits of Legitimate Religious Discussion," by a distinguished gentleman who contended that the fundamental principles of his faith should not be discussed ; that those who did not accept these principles were not moral men. In reply, I wrote "No Limit to Investigation," which is embraced in this collection, because there are yet good people who object to having their principles investigated. I do not question the soundness of any faith, but contend that all should be open to criticism. Our principles may be true, but if we shrink from having them investigated it manifests a doubt of their truth. That doubt exists, though it generally is unknown to ourselves. We welcome the warm grasp of our hand by a friend whom we esteem, but if our hand has a felon it shrinks from the touch. If we have thorough faith that our principles are sound we will welcome investigation. To exercise the reason which God has given for our guidance through life is the duty of every rational person ; the closest scrutiny cannot injure truth. It is thought by some that to

control men it is best to keep them in ignorance and to repress thought, but terrible will be the result when, like a raging torrent, that ignorant humanity bursts its bonds, sweeping everything before it in its wild fury.

The *Review* article includes only those as moral men who believe in the so-called Orthodox tenets of faith; it, therefore, consigns to the immoral class the Jews and many eminent Christians. I am not an Israelite, but my experience teaches that the Jews and the excluded Christians are as moral as those of any other faith. All classes of men have their peculiar faults. The faults of the Jewish people, as a people, are the fruits of many centuries of bitter persecution.

Any satire which my lines contain is not intended for the good, sincere, pious gentleman whose article they review, but for the sentiments contained in that article.

NO LIMIT TO INVESTIGATION.

HY creed as true! Oh, man, must
we decide
And by its iron rules of faith
abide?

From thee on earth may knowledge only shine,
'Midst the world's millions is all wisdom thine.
Oh! vain of thee to think to limit mind,
Or through unyielding creed to bless mankind.
Our souls, oh, God, were never chained by
Thee,

Breathing the breath of life Thou saidst, "Be
free."

Oh, why will man his fellowman enslave,
Deprive him of the mind his Maker gave!
With freedom thought through boundless space
shall soar,

All Nature's hidden treasures may explore.
Bend, thirsting man, upon life's river's brink,
Pure knowledge from its crystal waters drink.
Thus cleanse all superstition from thy soul,
God, who made thee, thought only may control.
It was ordained by infinite decree,
Blind faith from error never should be free.

No danger to thy creed if it be pure,
Through endless time its precepts shall endure.
God's laws are ever safe from every wave;
He guards; presume not thou His ark to save.*

* Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it: for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God.—II. Samuel vi., 6 and 7.

None may the limit of our minds unfold,
Dictate the tenets which our spirits hold.
Oh, Isabella! great in act and thought,
What woes on Spain thy pious frenzy brought,
Though through Columbus westward thou
 might'st soar

For freedom find a home unknown before.
Yet not thy piety may aid mankind
When thou with fetters wouldest enslave his
 mind.

Vain thought! The soul shall ever soaring be.
Not Xerxes* with his chains more mad than
 thee.

He might as well have chained that ocean's
 flow

As thou couldst limit what mankind might
 know.

Truth onward moves, though rugged be the
 way;

The tide of human thought thou canst not stay.

Truth from investigation will not fly,
Of God eternal, cannot therefore die.
Unreasoning faith is superstition's rod,
Its pathway leads to error, not to God.

* Xerxes ordered the Hellespont Sea to be chastised by three hundred lashes and fetters to be thrown into it because it carried away his bridge of boats.

The false will tarnish, but gold is secure,
Though tried by fire its brightness will endure.
If true, thy faith through crucible will flow,
And purer, from the test, will brighter glow.
Thy cause afraid to cleanse from every stain
Then not pure gold, but dross will there re-
main.

Thy creed from sifting wouldest thou hide away
Then bid the unbelieving critic stay.
Thy faith afraid to test, within thy heart,
Thou unto thine own creed, a doubter art.
The false shall vanish neath oblivion's sand,
But truth undying shall eternal stand.

A DREAM OF ENDLESS LIFE.

ARTH is the infant school of human life,
In which, through many trials, we are taught
Our first lesson, the alphabet of man's Existence. Learning which, we pass away, Promoted then unto a higher school, Always there learning through eternal years.

We enter life without our leave or ken,
Not knowing whence we came or whither go,



Protected by a loving Father's care,
Who surely still will always safely guide,
When this life's lesson shall be fully learned,
And we may know the mystery of life.

This is the law of that Intelligence
Who reigns throughout the boundless uni-
verse,
Extending love and mercy unto man.
No place that love and mercy enters not,
Although such place minute could not contain
A single puny grain of mustard seed.
This sure is true, else were love and mercy
Limited—finite and not infinite.

But punishment for erring man will come,
Justice demands its due, payment in full,
But will not exact an over-payment,
For over-payment would not be justice ;
Would be at war with all God's attributes;
At war with mercy, justice, love, and truth.

Sin, an offense against the Infinite,
"Merits," 'tis said, "an endless punishment."
Can finite man do ought that's infinite?
Infinity belongs to Deity;
It is not given unto erring man.
Why suffer then an endless punishment?

Some one will say, with faith like adamant,
"All this, thy vision, may be heterodox."
Dear critic, it is but a dream of bliss,
A sweet poetic dream of endless joy,
When we may clearer view the wise designs
Of the great Architect, who ever guides
Our destinies, amidst revolving worlds.

A dream of that yet happy coming time,
When love shall reign and sin shall be no
more;

All purified shall tread the golden streets,
Eat from the tree of life and freely drink
Deep draughts, from that pure living crystal
stream

Which ever flows through God's paradise.

Though we may never all God's worlds be-
hold,

Yet many mysteries we may unfold ;
And while eternal ages pass along,
We shall forever sing that sweetest song,
Nearer, oh ! our God, "Nearer to Thee,"
Though we can never reach infinity.

THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE DEITY AND A
FUTURE STATE.

THERE are no subjects which should possess a deeper interest to mankind than those of the deity and the immortality of man. Sages of all nations, tribes of men of every age, have sought to rend the veil which veils the Invisible. Like the poet Blair, we all desire that some courteous ghost would reveal the secret. But then, as we are told in the parable, we would not believe the message—

“Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity
To those you left behind disclose the secret?
Oh that some courteous ghost would blab it
out
What 'tis you are and we must shortly be.”

The human race, savage and civilized—except a few would-be wise philosophers—believe in the existence of a Creator and yearn to enjoy a future life of bliss. The evidences of the existence of an Infinite Intelligence who rules throughout the boundless universe is more than ample. That of the immortality of man,

while not so strong, is sufficient to satisfy every reasonable person.

It is not requisite that the evidence of man's future existence should resemble a mathematical demonstration—a two-and-two-make-four proposition. Few subjects are capable of such proof. It is sufficient, on which to rest with confidence, if it be equal to the evidence which guides the important affairs of life. Many men are convicted by juries and lose their lives on less evidence.

The theories of philosophers may be interesting, but like knotty points in law, they do not always adjust themselves to the passing events of life. Years ago a young man, a lawyer, quit for a time his profession to engage in business with his father, a wholesale merchant, doing a large business. The father thought that having his son with him would enable him to conduct his business on all points according to legal requirements, but he soon discovered that he had altogether too much law. Like one in the coils of a boa constrictor, through legal regulations the firm was threatened with strangulation. The son changed the whole business to place it on a legal basis. "Some things," he said, "were not done in a legal manner," and

others "were not conducted according to the spirit of the law." That young man returned to his profession, and afterward achieved distinction. Many philosophers like him may excel at discussing knotty points, but their ideas will not answer in the affairs of every-day life.

The argument of design, "that where there is a design there must have been a designer," seems to me to be conclusive as to the existence of an Intelligent Creator. It would require faith much greater than "a grain of mustard seed" to believe that the universe was created and guided by chance than to believe in an Infinite Creator.

In illustrating his argument of design, Paley, in his "Natural Theology," compares the works of a watch to the much more complicated anatomy of the human body. It is objected to in his argument of design in Nature that we have no knowledge of its beginning; that it may have been always self-existent. Would those wise gentlemen conclude that watches were self-existent because they never saw a watch made, and had no knowledge of the designer or when the first watch was made? It is astonishing how wise men will indulge in quibbling.

Human wisdom or human folly, whichever you chose to call it, has called in question the existence of matter and mind. The good Bishop George Berkeley, who prophetically eulogized the western world—

“Westward the tide of empire takes its way . . .
Time’s noblest offspring is its last”—

in his work, “The Principles of Human Knowledge,” maintains that the commonly received idea of the existence of matter is false. Of this theory Lord Byron wrote:

“When Berkeley proved there was no matter
He proved it was no matter what he said.”

Rene Descartes, the great French philosopher, who flourished nearly a century before Berkeley—1596 to 1650—in order to settle the question of matter and of mind, set aside all previous knowledge even that of his own existence. “I think,” said he, “therefore I exist,” reasoning from this axiom he proved the world of matter and of mind, which the wisdom of the philosophers had called in question. May we not equally accept it as an axiom that “where

there is a design there must have been a designer?"

Some learned quibblers maintain that God's power may be limited. That there is no evidence that he could have created a single world more than he has created. These gentlemen, if they required any article made, would go with the utmost confidence to have it made by a manufacturer who still manufactured such articles.

Marie Corelli, in her "Thelma," introduces a terrible thought. It is that of one of her characters. She neither affirms nor exposes its fallacy. "The works of man," she writes, "live after him. May not God have created the world and then died?" The comparison is plausible, but will not stand investigation. The works of man which survive him are in harmony with and rest on the laws of nature, which are the works of the Creator. If God, the source of all things, were to die, all things would with him perish.

The Jews, ancient Persians, and Brahmans of the Old World believed in one supreme God. The Greeks and Romans had a multitude of gods and goddesses. Greece had so many deities that she enacted a law making the pen-

alty death for introducing a new god. To do so was considered impiety to the gods she possessed. One of the charges for which Socrates was tried and condemned to drink the cup of poison was impiety. Hundreds of years after at Athens, when the Apostle Paul preached Christ as God, he was taken to the highest court at Mars Hill—the place where Socrates was found guilty—to give an account of his teachings. In his address the great Apostle shrewdly said, “as I passed by . . . I found an altar . . . ‘To The Unknown God.’ . . . Him declare I unto you.”

Zoroaster, the inventor of the wheel and the first fireworshiper of whom there is any record, taught: “the most ancient of all things is God, for He is uncreated.” He also taught the existence of one Supreme Being and for man a future state. “Fire and light,” he said, “were not objects of worship, but pure and lively emblems of the one eternal God. That man required such visible emblems in worship.”

The Peruvians were fireworshipers. The last of the Incas said to the cruel Spaniards who sought to convert him and who afterward crowned him with the crown of martyrdom, “My faith I will not change. Your God was

put to death by the very men whom He created; but my God still lives in the heavens and looks down upon His children."

Christians generally believe in a Triune God; Mohammedans in the oneness of the deity, and that Mohammed was His prophet. The Bible is the inspired book of the Christians; the Koran—the most read book in the world—of the Mohammedans.

The Suff Creed is the most beautiful of all the many Mohammedan Creeds. It was the Creed of the great classic poets of Persia who flourished some 800 years ago. The Suffs teach that God was the One Beautiful, alone in all eternity, who sang of love. As beauty always desires to be made manifest, He created all things. He is the center of all love. When we think we love any one, it is not that person we love, it is God.

Why we fail to comprehend the Creator is our limited capacities. The finite cannot comprehend the Infinite. There is nothing which God wishes to conceal. If there was a mystery it never could be discovered by man. "Who by searching can find out God?" We are privileged to investigate and speculate, and through them much has been achieved.

“Eternal Light! Eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with pure delight
Can live and look on Thee . . .
“Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?”

Plato, who flourished 2300 years ago, in his *Phædo* discusses the immortality of the soul. This work has always been celebrated. Marcus Cato, when defeated in battle, April 6, 46 b. c., rather than submit to the conqueror—though Cæsar would have gladly forgiven him—killed himself. He spent the last night of his life reading *Phædo*. He was so celebrated for his veracity that it became a saying in Rome when a doubtful story was told, “I should not believe such a story were it told me by Cato.”

Addison, in his “Tragedy of Cato,” draws a dramatic word-picture of Cato’s dying soliloquy, which would have been worthy of the genius of Shakespeare :

“ It must be so ! Plato, thou reasonest well,
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond de-
sire,

This longing after immortality . . .

’Tis the divinity that stirs within us,

’Tis heaven itself that points out an Hereafter
And intimates eternity to man. . . .

I’m weary of conjectures [draws dagger] this
must end them.

Thus am I doubly armed ; My death and life,
My bane and antedote are both before me.

This [the dagger] in a moment brings me
to an end,

But this [Phædo] informs me I shall never
die.

The soul secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of
worlds.”

This life is the infant school * where we learn
the alphabet of our existence. When we enter

* In one of the poems I introduced some thoughts, which in this essay are more fully treated.

another sphere we graduate to a higher school, there to be forever students engaged in the study of the marvellous works of the Creator. So vast and varied are these works that throughout all eternity we can never hope to graduate from that higher school.

There are many who believe that in the next life they will behold the Great Invisible and fully understand all the working of his providence. In this they may be mistaken. There are in fractions sums called repeaters, to which the student could never reach an exact answer, even were he to live and work at one of these sums forever. Yet each figure added to the quotient would be a fraction nearer to the answer. I sometimes think that it will be so with our knowledge of God. We will forever be increasing in that knowledge ; always drawing nearer and nearer to him, but never see and gain a full knowledge of the great Invisible.

Edward Young in "The Infidel Reclaimed—Night Thoughts—" gives man's discontent in this life, his yearning for a future and better life, and his continued pursuit of knowledge as evidences of his immortality. He says that nature never creates a desire that there is not the means of satisfying. The beasts of the

field are happy and perfectly content when abundantly supplied with what they desire, but man never.

“Proud man who rules the globe and reads the stars,
Philosopher or hero sighs in vain, . . .
And discontent is immortality. . . .
Man’s heart the Almighty to the future sets, . . .
Fame is the shades of immortality. . . .
Is it that things terrestrial can’t content?
Deep in rich pasture will thy flocks complain?
Not so; but to their master is denied
To share in their sweet serenes. . . .
Brutes soon their little zenith reach, their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were man to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarchal pupil would be learning still
Yet dying, leave his lessons half unlearn’d . . .
Or own the soul immortal or invert
All order. Go, mock majesty! go man
And bow to thy Superior of the Stall.”

Man is a vain, ambitious creature. He desires to possess and control all things. He forms his gods and goddesses after his own image ; measures all things by his own stature ; weighs all worlds by the globe upon which he lives, and singing the good old hymn, " Higher than Angels, Lo ! We Stand," he aspires in the next life to be the highest created being. Could this wish be gratified he would then wish to be one with Deity and, ultimately, to be superior to God. Such is man. The conquerors of the world wade in blood in order to rule their fellowmen and to be called great.

Laws are God's messengers to man and to all worlds. They are universal. Through unknown laws God works a special providence in the lives of men and the affairs of nations. If we may be permitted to reason by analogy from this life to that which is to come, we would conclude that law, which is universal in this world, exists also in the spirit world.

Experience teaches breach of law brings punishment. Justice demands its due ; payment in full, but not overpayment. That would not be justice ; would not be in conformity with God's attributes, all of which are in perfect harmony. We are lost as in a maze

when we contemplate their sublime unity. Like unto one not attuned to the beauties of art, poetry, or music, we cannot comprehend their sublimity.

As justice cannot exact an overpayment, this thought occurs: Can finite man commit an infinite offence; do ought that is infinite, meriting an endless infinite punishment? Is there in God's universe a place where love and mercy never enters? If so, love and mercy are limited, therefore, finite and not infinite. What would we think of one who condemned a worm to endless torment because it did not crawl as he desired it to crawl? Is God's love and mercy less than the love and mercy of good men and good women? To think so would be absurd. There are reputed wise men who would banish the great Infinite Intelligence from his works. Others picture him as a being in the image of man, endowed with human passions.

Like everything earthly, creeds will change, many of them pass away. Great was Diana of the Ephesians. Her Temple at Ephesus was one of the seven wonders of the world and a "City of Refuge." She had many temples and multitudes of worshipers. The great rulers of the earth did her reverence

and presented large offerings of gold and golden images to enrich and beautify her shrine. Appelles and other great painters of Greece decorated her temple. She lived in the thoughts of her countless worshipers. Where now is Diana? Not a single temple or worshiper remains, "None so poor to do" her "reverence."

Perhaps I am treating on subjects that belong to the theologians. Well I will leave these knotty points to them. They will debate each point, but never agree on any one of them. As Omar Khayyam, a classic Persian poet, has written—

" Myself when young did eagerly frequent,
 Doctor and Saint and heard great arguments
 About it and about: but evermore
 Came out by the same door wherein I went,
 . . . Many a knot unravelled . . .
 But not the master knot of human fate—
 There was the door to which I found no key;
 There was the veil through which I could not
 see."

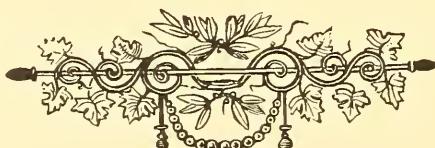
May you and I, dear readers, tread the rugged path of life endeavoring to observe the laws of One who careth for us, who punishes

for our betterment and not for our destruction. Let us always remember that it is written "God is love." Temples and creeds will perish, suns and satellites may pass away, but "His mercy endureth forever."

As far as we can trace, the faith of mankind in a great Intelligent Creator has always existed. Countless generations of man have lived and passed away, yet that faith remains. "A constant drop of water will wear away a stone," but more enduring than the rock is man's faith in God and in his own Immortality.

THERE ARE MOMENTS.

OH, there are moments when the soul,
Free, bursting from the world's control,
Soaring its heavenward flight on high,
In such a moment would I die.



RODERICK.

A TALE.

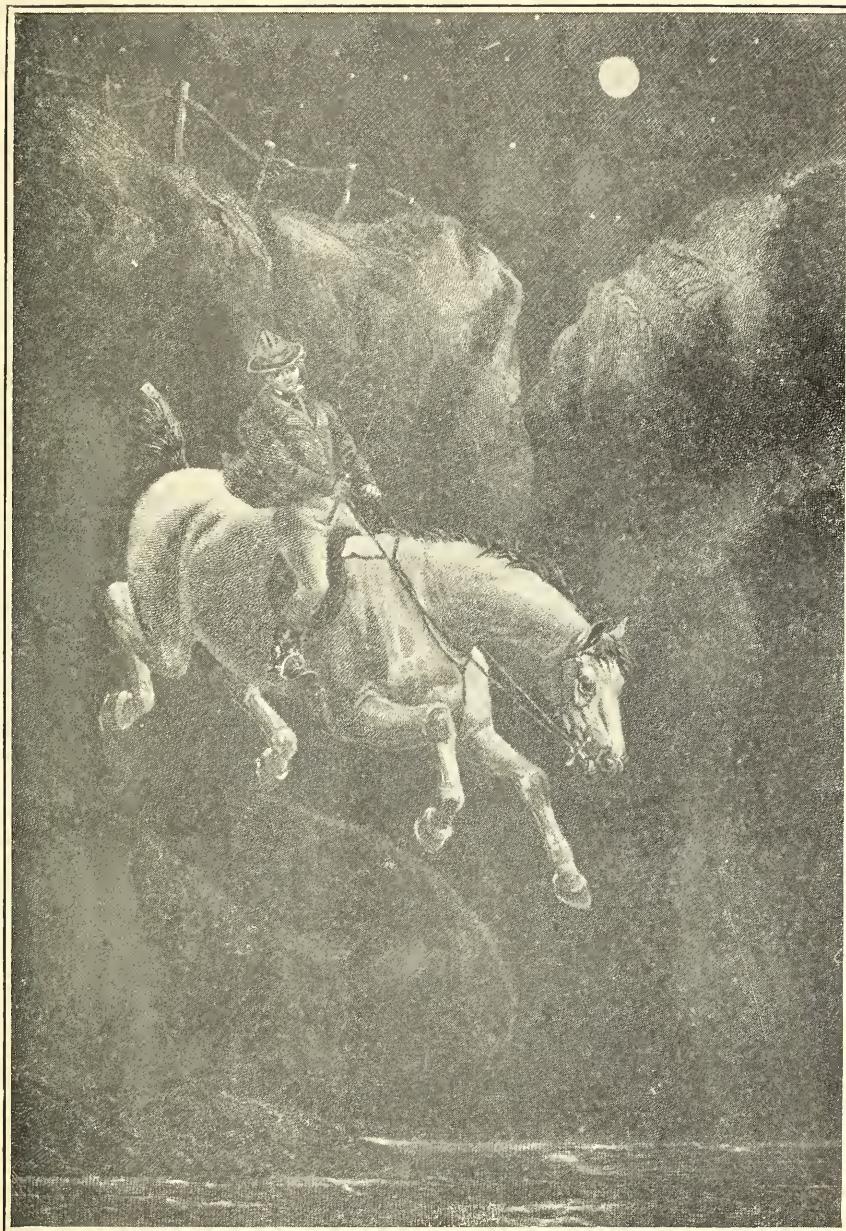
A TILLER OF THE SOIL.

THOUGHTS ON THOUGHT.

THE LAWS OF NATURE.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

DIVERSITY OF THOUGHT.



RODERICK.

And coming always in the moon's full light,
That gallant horse and rider drop each night.—Page 124.

RODERICK.

I.

RAVE Rod'rick was the hero of a wild—
 No tribute paid, no man as master styled,
 Nor favor sought, nor mercy from a lord;
 His wild dominion held he by his sword.
 The gallant leader of an outlawed band,
 The rude defender of his native land,
 By mountain-pass and steep cliff's rugged way
 The tyrant's minions kept he still at bay.

But Rod'rick once had home, had wife and child,
 A peaceful man, was loving, gentle, mild,
 A neighbor kind, a friend without a peer,
 Most happy passed his days from year to year.
 Till foemen came; a fierce, a foreign band
 By ruthless war subdued his native land,
 His home destroyed, destroyed his child, his wife,
 Naught leaving but his courage and his life.

Deep buried in his inmost soul his woes,
 With dauntless breast he met his country's foes,
 And vengeance dealt on many a battle-day,
 In many a struggle fierce and bloody fray.

His comrades true obeyed his every call—
A hero band, his will the law of all ;
The rustic patriot loved to sound his fame,
The tyrant trembled when he heard his name.

His faithful comrades, one by one they fell,
By rocky pass, by mountain-stream and dell ;
Yet unsubdued remain a valiant few,
Whose dauntless deeds attest what man may do.
Though history's page records not now their
name

In living letters of undying fame,
Not Greece's heroes in her brightest days
More worthy were of never-ending praise.

“Here perish we,” said Rod’rick, “one by one,
And none may live to see our freedom won ;
A daring deed for liberty and right,
Our country save or fall in manly fight.”
Thus spoke the chieftain to that remnant band,
The last defenders of their native land.
“Let traitors leave us and let cowards fly ;
We go,” he cried, “to conquer or to die.”

II.

The monarch grand, within his castle wall,
Held festival in his great banquet-hall,

And proudly smiled upon that bright array
Of chieftains brave and ladies fair and gay ;
His sceptre holding with an iron hand,
He sternly stretched it o'er a conquered land,
All fearless now of chief in wilds afar
Who unsubdued maintained guerilla-war.

The festive hall, what signal now alarms ?
“The rebel foe !” they cry ; “to arms ! to arms !”
With terror hear resounding Rod’rick’s name,
The walls are gained, the castle is on flame.
And now, amidst confusion and dismay,
The chieftains arm and mingle in the fray,
And the proud monarch trembling on his throne
In his great banquet-hall is left alone.

Brave Rod’rick ! This the hour to vengeance
due,
To right thy wrongs and save thy people too—
That sacred hour thou long hast prayed to see,
Thy country’s chain to break, proclaim her free.
What bravest yet may dare thou dar’st to do,
And fighting by thy side are comrades true ;
For unto thee their trust and lives are given :
Thy country’s only hope is thee and Heav’n.

Oh, fruitless now is valor, vain the strife:
These valiant rustics can but yield their life,

There fighting, not to conquer, but to die,
And from their country's foes they will not fly;
They bravely fall beneath the conqueror's
blade.

A captive now their gallant chief is made:
No mercy unto him will foeman give,
For what were conquest worth if Rod'rick live?

III.

Life's closing day ! Brave chief, the die is cast :
The trumpet's call proclaims this hour thy last.
But who would live a captive and a slave ?
Oh, better far the gibbet and the grave !
Thy gallant steed—the charger which thee bore
In bloody fray throughout this vengeful war—
Shall carry thee to where thy death shall show
A tyrant's hatred toward a noble foe.

The captive chief to see, the people throng
As onward unto death he rides along,
Low murmuring they, like waves upon the
shore,
Forerunners of the billows' angry roar.
Upon the guards they dash, that living tide,
Like rushing torrents down the mountain-side;
With patriotic hate, with fury blind,
They scatter them like chaff before the wind.

Quake, guilty tyrant ! Though upon a throne,
A nation's wrongs thy blood may yet atone,
For Rod'rick speeds once more to open war ;
And if he only reach those wilds afar,
That spirit brave may yet thy conqueror be—
In coming time may hail his people free.
Thy minions send in hot pursuit to fly ;
That rebel chief will vanquish thee or die.

Fast through the city gates the riders go,
Pursuing, all, a solitary foe ;
And as the walls they pass their ranks divide,
That warrior in to hem on either side.
Oh, brave is Rod'rick, fleet and staunch his steed,
But naught avails it in this hour of need ;
He may not reach that solitary wild,
His mountain-home, where cliffs on cliffs are
piled.

That swift pursuit began with midday sun,
Nor was it ended when the day was done :
Ere they arrived on Elward's giddy height
The moon on its dark cliff shed forth her light.
No bridle checked that rider brave, with speed
Still pressing forward on his noble steed,
While on the craggy hillside just below
Half-circling him advance his warrior-foe.

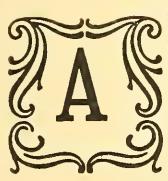
A gulf before thee, Rod'rick, dread and deep ;
Behind, surrounding thee, thy foemen sweep :
The lion strong is caged; they have thee there,
And with wild shouts of triumph rend the air.
But Rod'rick, ever calm, no look behind,
Rides as unconscious of their fury blind,
Raises his charger for the dreadful leap,
And, bounding onward, passes o'er the steep.

Though many years have passed by Elward's tide,

The rustic yet will speak of Rod'rick's ride,
And strangers tell how, at a furious speed,
Again appears that chieftain on his steed ;
And coming always in the moon's full light,
That gallant horse and rider drop each night
O'er Elward's cliff down to the depths below,
There disappearing ; but how, none may know.

They tell that Rod'rick never can know rest
While by the foe his people are oppressed—
How yet a coming chief with valiant band
Will drive oppressors from their native land,
And to the patriot dead will honor give :
On history's brightest page their names will live.
Then shall the nightly apparition cease,
And then shall gallant Rod'rick rest in peace.

A TILLER OF THE SOIL.

 FAITHFUL, fearless tiller of the
soil
With freedom, not averse for bread
to toil;

When duty calls unto his country's aid,
No braver in the battle's ranks arrayed.
Fearless, he lives erect, on Nature's plan,
Whose noblest, highest title is—a man.

Where yon rippling brooklet wends its way,
What joy, with Evelina sweet, to stray,
Now she is all his own, to never part,
The chosen treasure of his faithful heart.
They have their hours for pleasure, books and
prayer
To soothe the troubles of their daily care.

If unlearned in musty scrolls of ages,
He, true knowledge gains from Nature's pages;
He knows the various buds, the flowers and
trees,
The lovely birds, the flocks and humming bees.
While, from his cottage door, not given to
roam,
Can tell of seed-time and of harvest home.

Though on his brow no laurel crown is laid,
Few nobler, truer men, our God hath made.
For far more blessed he, when trouble comes,
Than the poor tenant of a city's slums,
Who dwells in filthy dens, e'en from a child,
Where poverty and vice run riot wild.

Where e'er thy lot, at city, sea or farm,
If thou would'st lend to life its truest charm,
Unto thyself and Nature's laws be true,
Perform the service to thy race that's due.
What though renown thy labor may not find,
Thy life shall be a blessing to mankind.

Who lives for public weal, on Nature's plan,
In our esteem, should rank the noblest man.
Rome's Cincinnatus! Great indeed wast thou!
Twice yielding mighty rule to guide the plow,
Through time, emblazoned on the page of fame,
Shall shine no truer, purer, nobler name.

In early days, one tall, gaunt man I knew,
A rural worker and a ruler true;
Whose large firm hand, wielding a mighty pen,
Gave freedom to a host of toiling men.
On History's page, although great names
appear,
Immortal Lincoln! few can rank thy peer.

Should all men work the farm or delve the mine?
No! starry science, a vast field is thine—
Thine statesman faithful to a Nation's trust,
Thine honest tradesman, who gives measure
just.

Not all have wisdom given who guide the
plough,
But greater idiots they, who truckling bow.

Depraved and feeble minds, the candid own,
Are found alike in cottage and on throne.
By Nero, flowed of the red stream a flood,
A poorer villain sheds a family's blood,
And Jeffreys,* on that seat where law should
reign,

With crimson tide, has left a lasting stain.

While rulers err, who wield despotic rod,
Oppression surely cometh not from God.
By yielding up the rights their Maker gave,
Men make their tyrants. Tyrants make the
slave.

While ruling with an iron rod is shame,
Still those who make the despot are to blame.

* In 1685 was held in England the "Bloody Assize," over which Judge Jeffreys presided. He promised prisoners accused of rebellion mercy if they would plead guilty, but violated his pledge and 320 of them were executed.

What then the rule? Not title, pow'r, or place;
The men who work are noblest of their race.
If naught to aid mankind your days employ,
But amidst revels lewd you seek your joy,
Though untold wealth may guard you in its
coil,
You are a pauper on the public toil.

In Nature's changeless code is this decree:
The part to act in life, remains with thee.
No human law can make a lordling great
Nor bind a freeman to a low estate;
The wealthy, planted in too rich a soil,
In growth are rank—midst many weeds they
toil.

Despots! in your brief reign of passing time
You can oppress immortal souls sublime;
Your cruel laws may curb, but cannot bind
The Godlike freedom of the human mind.
For the pure spirit shall eternal shine
Brighter than diamonds from their secret mine.



THOUGHTS ON THOUGHT.



HO can define thought? It is everywhere; a power throughout all nature. By invention, the product of thought, man spans the earth, passes over the waters with a swiftness in former times unknown. He also passes under the waters of the ocean, soars through the air, and harnesses the lightning to do his bidding. By thought he maps the starry firmament, traces for millions of miles worlds and comets in their endless flight, and tells the time when they will return.

It is said of beauty that it "always desires to be made manifest." This also is true of thought. "A thing of beauty" may in a future life be "a joy forever," but in this life, like evil thoughts, it fades away. Great and true thoughts endure. The beauty of art passes; thought, if true, will live forever. Where are the beautiful paintings of the great masters of Grecian art? Not one now remains! Yet we possess to-day the thoughts of her philosophers, authors, and orators. They have bidden defiance unto time. Thought has no sex; yet one thought will frequently give birth to a multitude.

The thoughts of those long mouldering in the dust still live in the hearts of mankind

and mould their lives. Can we call Solomon, Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed, Shakespeare, and a host of other thinkers dead while their thoughts survive? If we add the teachings of One whom all Christian nations adore, what a mighty influence their thoughts have on the lives of men.

What we call instinct is thought in a lesser degree. It is possessed by bird and beast, by every living thing. It is manifest in those tiny creatures which we perceive only through the microscope when "they readily elude each other in the merry dances they keep up."

Thought is the fastest traveler known. In a second it reaches the most distant worlds, to reach which it would require light thousands of years to travel.

"How fleet is the glance of the mind compared,
with the speed of its flight!

The tempest itself lags behind and the swift-winged arrows of light."

We should not ignore the thoughts of those more experienced than ourselves, but examine them by the mind given for our own use, accepting those which appear true and rejecting all that we find are unsound.

THE LAWS OF NATURE.

THERE is much diversity of opinion as to what is the will of God, but all agree that the first revelation of His will is the Revelation of Nature. A celebrated theologian of the last century said that a subsequent Revelation may reveal many truths not revealed by the first Revelation, but it cannot contradict the first Revelation of Nature, for if it did it would not be from God.

In all the visible creation the laws of Nature reign supreme. The countless worlds throughout the starry firmament are subject to law. Nature requires no miracle, no angelic host, to carry its laws to the most remote worlds. They require obedience and chastise for disobedience. Like the Creator its laws are omnipresent and like Him remain the same, far more wonderful than the greatest miracle the human mind has ever conceived.

The laws of Nature govern mankind from the minutest to the greatest events in their lives, yet, paradoxical as it may appear, they leave men to govern themselves. These laws regulate the earth and direct its course through

space, extend to all things animate and inanimate, to grass and trees, shrubs and flowers, even to the lives of those tiny creatures, the inhabitants of a drop of water.

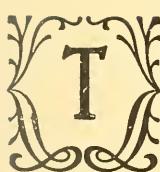
The laws of Nature require obedience from men of every clime, the savage and the sage; they speak with no uncertain voice, disobey and suffer. They are mingled with mercy. Have you broken a law? Cease its breach and your chastisement may terminate or be mitigated, as in the case of the laws of health.

Discoveries of Nature's laws benefit mankind. When Kipler, the great astronomer, discovered his third law, wild with joy he exclaimed, "the die is cast, the book is written to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which. I may well wait a century for a reader since God has waited six thousand years for a discoverer."

The laws of Nature from their beginning appear to have existed, just as they now exist, unchanged. Men can work wonders, but they cannot alter one of them in the slightest degree. Worlds may perish, but God's laws will remain.

IN THAT LIFE OF THINE.

TO MOLLY.

 HOU art gone to a land sublime,
 Yet on the firmament of time,
 Amidst the stars* which shine so
 bright,
 Never a purer, truer light
 Than Thine.

Life began with the trumpets swell—
 As leaves of the Autumn, men fell.
 Not thine to fight. In bloody fray
 Braver spirit ne'er passed away
 Than Thine.

Thy life was like a sunny ray,
 Flowers strewn on thy pathway lay;
 But clouds concealed thy midday sun
 Before thy earthly course was run,
 In this life of Thine.

For sickness came, where all was love,
 Thy suff'ring spirit passed above,
 With thy God in that life divine
 Midst loved ones forever to dwell,
 In that life of Thine.

* “One star differeth from another star in glory.”—I. Cor. 15:41.

ONE OF OUR NUMBER.

(ON THE DEATH OF G. L. C., NOV. 10, 1877.)

NE of our number, in the summer time,
In the morning of youth, in its blooming prime,

When Nature was joyous and all was bright,
And earthly scenes shone in glorious light ;
Death's sickness full sore laid one loved one low
And one of our number was summoned to go.

The summer was fair, the summer leaves green,
For him twenty such on earth there had been,
But he lingers to autumn, his spirit receives,
Withering, withering, just like its leaves ;
Bids unto each his last message to send,
And speaks of His love and joys without end.

A friend of his boyhood is coming amain,
Life's ebbing fast, will he see him again ?
In haste from a distance he reaches the door ;
He weeps by his couch, for death came before.
If friendship could bind to this earthly sphere,
Or love might have chained, he still had been here.

A message to loved ones over the sea,
"Tell them I love as I know they love me.

Oh! mother, dear mother, you're losing your boy,
And father," he cries, "meet me where there's joy;
Sisters, dear sisters! my blessing and love."
One of our number was numbered above.

"I would not thus die without helping my kind,"
And truly his works leave a blessing behind.
He banded the youth in the temperance cause,
Taught them to follow and honor its laws,
If but his mission one mortal to raise,
Not surely in vain were his few numbered days.

One of our number in an endless day,
By the river of life and golden way,
Secure in the bliss of redeeming love
From death and decay in mansions above,
Looks from the glorious fields of the bless'd,
Inviting us home to the realms of rest.

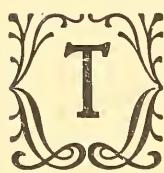
Who next of our number will be summoned to go,
Beneath the green sod and willow laid low?
May that one be ready and willing to bend,
"Father, I come to the world without end,

Preserved by thy love I pass through the tomb
To meet with our friends in regions of bloom."

When all of our number have passed away
May we meet in the light of celestial day,
Forever to live in the life divine,
Our spirits and love, oh Father ! be thine.
May the work we have done while here below
Be a blessing to men while ages shall flow.

THE HARP OF ZION.

"We hanged our harps upon the willows."—Psalm cxxxvii.

HY harp, oh Zion, hangs upon a willow tree
All mute, nor yieldeth now notes of sublimity;
Silent in death the tongues tuned by thy holy fire,
Mould'ring in dust the hands which woke thy sacred lyre.

Earth-born lays are sweet, but thy melody sublime;
Sweeter have been thy notes, grander than those of time;
Homer may soar in his aërial flight,
Isaiah's wild numbers yield a purer delight.

Oh ! that a bard was found to pluck thee from
that tree,
To wake again thy strains rich with sublimity.
His was a lofty theme all human lays above,
The song of heavenly grace and God's redeem-
ing love.

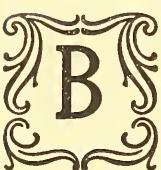
THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

OH, traveler ! bleeding by the wayside
nigh,
Where bandit thieves have left thee
but to die ;
All pass thee by "upon the other side,"
None pause to give thee succor and to guide.
But, lo ! one cometh with Samarian stain,
One who will bind thy wounds, relieve thy
pain—
One of a hated race is friend to thee
When thine own people aid thee not, but flee.

Oh, traveler ! wounded in the world's fierce
strife,
With none to succor, weary of thy life ;
Thy friends and kindred all from thee have
flown,
Thus leaving thee to perish all alone.

There cometh One, but not of tainted blood,
 To raise, to cleanse thee in the holy flood ;
 To bind thy wounds, and faith in Him is given
 To lift thy soul from earthly scenes to heav'n.

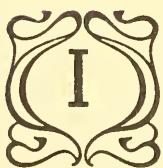
THE UNMERCIFUL SERVANT.

EFORE his lord he came and mercy sought,
 But to his fellows mercy would not show ;
 Although his debts were freely all forgiven,
 From others he exacted his full dues
 Unto the uttermost.

Oh ever thus with man ! We heav'n approach,
 Pleading its Lord to cancel our great debt,
 But from our suffering and our needy
 Fellowmen we exact our utmost claim
 Hard and unfeelingly.

THE MOUNTAIN-MAID.

(WRITTEN BY REQUEST.)



FANCY not the rich and gay,
 Nor yet the giddy throng :
 The one I love is far away,
 The mountain-side along.

Her form is unadorned by art:
Fair Nature's child is she;
She is the dearest to my heart,
And still to death shall be.

Oft her bright eye on me would beam
With an enchanting power
While wandering by the bubbling stream
To pluck the opening flower,

Or by the mountain's grassy side
At evening's close I strayed,
Or roamed the valley far and wide
With my sweet mountain-maid.

And oft since then, when pensive gloom
Her veil o'er me would cast,
I think upon that mountain-bloom—
The days with her I passed.



DIVERSITY OF THOUGHT A MEANS OF EDUCATION.

 DUCATION is not confined to the teachings of the schools. The child learns some important lessons when it learns to discriminate, to walk, and to talk. In youth our world is the valley where we dwell. If we live on a mountain, our world is larger, as we have a larger view. We are told or read of other places which we would like to visit, but none is so dear to us as our home. The faith and principles of our parents are our faith and principles; truths which do not admit of a doubt. We think that others should perceive them in the same light.

When we leave the parental nest, the parental instructions, to mingle with strangers in the struggle of life, we find a larger world and a greater variety of opinions than we had previously supposed. Those entertaining these opinions we find are just as sincere as our parents. Though holding fast to our own views, after discussion with our new friends and neighbors, we admit to ourselves that their theories might contain some grains of truth. This difference of thought is a means of education.

None think alike on all subjects. Each brain, like each eye, sees things in a different light. A reason that to our mind is clear and conclusive, to another is obscure and of no value—like as a glass magnifies to one eye, while to another eye it renders objects but dimly. How minds differ may be illustrated by our jury system. Twelve men are impanelled to try a prisoner charged with murder. All are sworn and wish to reach a just verdict. They hear the same evidence, the same arguments of counsel, and the same charge of the judge, yet they cannot agree on a verdict. Some vote for murder in the first or in the second degree, others for manslaughter, and yet others for acquittal. Each mind sees guilt or innocence from its own point of view. This difference of opinion produces critical thought. Discussion is a means of education. In a village debating society, the Senate chamber, or the highest courts of law of the nation questions are made clearer by discussion. The Constitution of the United States, the best for the government of man the world has ever known, was formed through lengthy discussions by men of different and even antagonistic ideas. Thought glancing on thought pro-

duced this great document. Although not perfect—no human document can be—through all the changes of time, the contests of state, corporate and individual interests, it has stood the test of many generations and now governs some eighty-five or ninety million people.

In building the Temple of Liberty the fathers used that rotten plank—human slavery. It has passed away in blood, but not until the American people have been taught important lessons in the school of liberty. One lesson is that a great wrong had been committed against a people brought unwillingly from their native land; bought and sold like cattle for centuries. The minority has been taught that in a government of the people there can be no appeal “from the ballot box to the bullet box.”

Many pious people believe that it would be a blessing if all mankind thought and worshipped alike—one universal church. Zealots would demand that in all respects that church should be like theirs. For uniformity the more liberal would concede that in minor points it might differ, but in essentials its tenets should be the same as theirs.

A universal faith is but a dream of pious souls; but if some controlling mind were to

breathe into it the breath of life, the minority would suffer such persecution as minorities have suffered in past ages. But if there were not one doubter, progress would cease, the tide of civilization would roll backward. Thought acting on thought resembles the waves of the ocean, the motion of which purifies its mighty waters. Sameness of thought is like a stagnant pool which sends forth disease and death.

“Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead.”

If one word of mine could produce uniformity of thought, even if that thought agreed with my own, I would not utter it. Individuals or nations whose thoughts remain the same never progress. Spain, which was at one time one of the greatest nations, if not the greatest, by suppression of freedom of thought checked her progress. She is now of minor importance. Scotland to-day is famed for her sons being deep logical thinkers. This reputation they have acquired from the development of their mind by the discussion of knotty points of theology. Scotchmen have not al-

ways had that reputation. Centuries ago, when Spain was in her glory, they were considered of small account. Dr. Samuel Johnson once remarked, "that much could be done with a Scotchman if he was caught young."

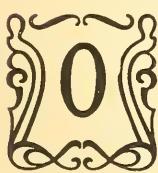
There are few better means of developing the mind than the ballot, notwithstanding its imperfections. Being the possessor of a vote makes the voter a person of some importance. Parties and candidates reason with him as to how he should vote. He may like the platform of one party and the candidates of the other; he must choose between them.

No reasonable person should be denied the ballot. Is it just to put any one's life, liberty, or property in danger by laws in which they had no voice, even through representative, in enacting? Are voters ignorant? Educate them. Are they weak? Let those who are stronger defend them. The right to vote should be guarded by reasonable regulations, as you guard the rights of a minor before entering into possession of his property.

This, you say, would give women a right to vote, a right which, as a rule, they have not hitherto enjoyed. Why continue to deprive them of that right? Is there to be no prog-

ress? Must governments continue to be by brute force? "Must crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?" It is said that many women would not vote. Do all men vote who are entitled by law to do so? If a thousand whose privilege and duty it is to exercise the right of franchise neglect that duty, why should one who wishes to do so be deprived of that right? What would we think of a judge who rejected a just claim because other just claims had not been enforced by law. Suffrage would make women conservative and less changeable by its new responsibility. Persons out of power are more radical than those in power.

When you deprive any one of their vote because they are poor, weak, or ignorant, you take from them their "one little ewe lamb." A second Nathan may say unto you what the prophet Nathan said unto David, "Thou art the man."

A SEALED DIARY.

H, no! I dare not break that seal,
For it would other days reveal.
It would recall the hour that's fled,
And the memory of the dead,

With all their hopes, the doubts and fears,
The vanished bliss of other years.

Oh, no ! I cannot break that seal,
Nor, e'er the days that's past reveal,
With all their fancied golden streams,
With all their vanished youthful dreams
This cloud would deepen on my brow,
And it would nigh unman me now.

Oh, no ! I will not break that seal
Nor secrets of the past reveal.
Still let them be like heartfelt woe,
Which no mortal ear may know.
They are but there and in this breast,
The world shall never know the rest.

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.

OH, the days of sunny gladness,
Days of merry, merry madness,
The blissful days when we were young.
There was singing, but no sighing,
Only dreams of love undying;
Then it was we scorned all sorrow,
Dreaming of a glad to-morrow,
Those joyous days when we were young.

POEMS OF BOYHOOD.

Written Between the Years 1845 and 1850.

THE REFUGEE'S SONG.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1848—A YEAR OF EUROPEAN REVOLUTION.)

 O and tell our oppressors that,
 free as the wind,
 We have severed their chains, left
 their fetters behind.

Though we are in exile, from our homes far
 away,
 Yet as freemen we live—not as minions obey.
 Whether roaming the desert or ploughing the
 sea,

Our hands are unshackled and our spirits are
 free.

The bright sun, when descending, still flies to-
 ward the west,
 Past the land that we love and its dark moun-
 tain breast.

But no more will he view us as once there con-
 fined,
 We have severed our chains and are free as
 the wind.

Whether roaming the desert or ploughing the
 sea,
 Our hands are unshackled and our spirits are
 free.

Go and tell the proud tyrant to rivet his chain;
But no more in its links will a freeman remain.

Though exile awaits them to a far distant shore,
They will cast off the chains which for ages
they bore.

Whether roaming the desert or ploughing the
sea,

Their hands are unshackled and their spirits
are free.

Until tyrants are gathered and laid in their
grave,

To the battle will muster the free and the
brave;

And though they may perish or be exiled away,
As freemen will suffer, not as minions obey.

Whether roaming the desert or ploughing the
sea,

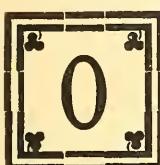
To the combat will hasten the valiant and free.

Go and tell our oppressors their chains we defy,
For as freemen we live and as freemen will
die.

Either living or dying our spirits no more
Will be crushed by the fetters which bound us
of yore.

Whether roaming the desert or ploughing the sea,
 Our hands are unshackled and our spirits are free.

ADDRESS TO FANCY.

 H, fancy, lead me back again,
 Unto each field, each wood and glen—
 Where with my comrades oft I've played,
 Or in my boyhood hours have strayed.

There do thou bring again to me
 All those that once I loved to see ;
 Let them come and join the play,
 As they were wont in former day.

Most now on foreign lands may roam,
 Far from their country and their home ;
 A few their native valleys tread,
 And some there slumber with the dead.

Some, too, of that once happy band,
 Now tread on India's burning sand ;
 Some lie beneath the rolling deep,
 In death's long silent, peaceful sleep.

But thou must seek them in the grave,
And bring them from the ocean wave;
Yes! there go find them in the deep,
And wake them from their silent sleep.

Call them from each distant clime,
Where they have borne the marks of time,
Unto their own, their native clod,
To lovely Erin's verdant sod.

Let no fair stranger fill their room,
Nor bring them forth in manhood's bloom;
But let them come in fairy dream,
As in their boyhood they would seem.

Let every breast its pangs forego,
Nor send one thought of grief or woe,
Let nothing come for to alloy
That dream of bliss and fleeting joy.

For thus alone we'll ever meet
Or around our playgrounds ever greet;
Our youthful days have passed away,
And now on foreign lands we stray.

CLAVERHOUSE.

GRAHAM, of Claverhouse, is said to have possessed the beauty of a lovely woman, but a cruel heart of steel. These lines were written after reading an account of his cold-blooded murder by his own hand of John Brown, a Scotchman, after his troopers refused to execute him. Brown's offence was non-conformity to the established religion. He died praying for his murderers.

Upon British annals there rests a name,
A foul, a dark, and an eternal stain,
An endless monument of British shame,
 'Tis Claverhouse.

Was ever monster since the world began?
Was ever devil in the shape of man?
Yes! and if such a one you'd like to scan,
 'Twas Claverhouse.

Was ever porter of satanic gate?
Was ever mortal filled with devil's hate
'Gainst everything that's noble, good, and
 great?
 'Twas Claverhouse.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

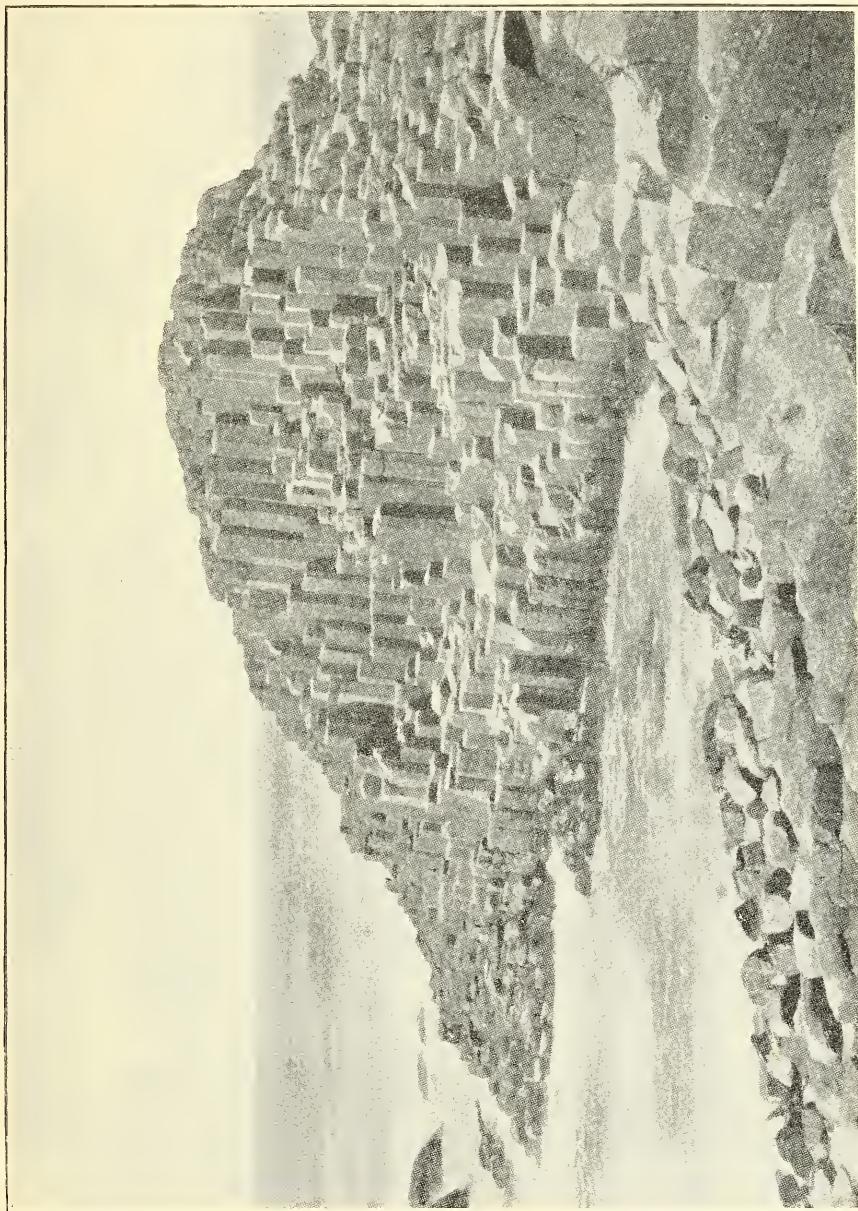
 CAUSEWAY, thou wonder of the earth,
 The scene of happy days;
 Talk of many a cheerful hearth
 And tale of minstrel's lays.

I have stood on the vessel
 To view thy wonders o'er,
 While joyous memory brought back
 The happy days of yore.

It told of many happy hours,
 Of scenes of beauty rare,
 Which would tax the muses' powers
 To tell of scenes so fair.

Unrivaled thy dark cliffs still stand,
 Such beauties never seen;
 In any age or any land
 Have no such wonders been.

Though far from thee my lot is cast,
 Yet by memories sway,
 I live again the days that's past,
 By thee again I stray.



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY—

For I was born where Nature's cliffs are piled
In frowning, towering, rugged grandeur wild.—Page 76.

THE LOVERS.

NOW autumn's withering fleeting
breeze
Is murmuring hoarsely through the
trees,

Where the young lovers sleep,
And summer's oft departing bloom,
Now drooping sadly o'er their tomb,
For the young dreamers weep.

Once that free spirit—now above—
Had told his first, his ardent love,
To her there by his side;
And heard from her harmonious voice,
Whose accents did his soul rejoice,
That she would be his bride.

But fickle was that fair one's vow,
And soon t'ward him was chang'd that brow,
Viewed once with pure delight;
It is but once, the fair one cried,
But once I change and leave thy side,
But once a heart I blight.

His hopes, his joys, his all had passed,
And as a flower before the blast
He drooped, and pined, and died.

They laid him in the silent tomb,
Where Nature decked his bed with bloom,
And o'er his ashes sighed.

She heard his fate, she sought his grave,
And there a silent tear she gave
To him who then was dead ;
But once she sighed, and wept, and prayed,
Before her youthful spirit strayed,
And from her body fled.

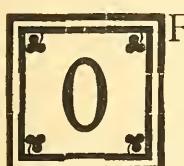
Now autumn's withering, fleeting breeze
Is murmuring hoarsely through the trees,
Where the young lovers sleep ;
And summer's oft departing bloom,
Now drooping sadly o'er their tomb—
For the young dreamers weep.

THE ROSE MAY FADE.

Is our loved one dead? is this only clay?
Has her spirit fled? has she gone for aye?

The rose may fade, but coming spring
Its blossoms will renew ;
God the appointed spring will bring,
When wakes our loved one too.

A SONG.



FT have I sung the plaintive lay
 For those I loved in former day ;
 And I have sung the merry song
 Unto the gay and giddy throng :
 But now I'll raise my harp once more,
 And sing of bliss in days of yore.

Inspire my song, thou plaintive lay,
 While thus I sing of former day ;
 Oh ! may the scenes that now are o'er
 In vision cross my mind once more ;
 And while I view thy winning smile,
 Oh ! show to me my native isle.

Long are the hours that now are fled
 Since first my heart has mourned the dead ;
 But ah ! since then the song of glee
 Has been a song unknown to me ;
 Oh ! blest the hours, thou tuneful lyre,
 When first that song my breast did fire.

Free joy cannot be bound by woe,
 Nor misery cover all below—
 Yes, joy has still her hours of glee,
 Tho' past they fly unknown to me ;
 But I will raise my harp once more
 And sing of bliss in days of yore.

For I had once a happy home
And free the woodland glen did roam ;
I joined my comrades as they played,
And oft in bowers of joy I strayed :
Oh ! those were hours of merry glee,
But, ah ! these hours have fled from me.

For then I roamed a wayward boy,
While Nature filled my soul with joy,
Oh, these were hours that onward go—
That see no grief, that feel no woe,
That hear no song but the song of glee,
But, ah ! these hours have fled from me.

No ! joy cannot be bound by woe,
Nor misery cover all below,
For yet those vales with notes will ring,
Which other joyous lips will sing ;
But, ah ! those songs of merry glee
Have long been songs unknown to me.

A VALENTINE.

If planets flee the sun, round which they roll—
I may forget Thee, Center of my soul ;
When vital air refuses me genial breath,
Or when I lay me down and sleep in death,
Or when forever stemmed the falling snow,
Will cease my heart with love for Thee to glow.

SELECTIONS FROM
STUDIES IN THE LITERATURE
OF THE
NATIONS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By the Author.

159

ANCIENT FAITHS OF INDIA.

FROM remote time Brahmanism was the faith of India, a time so remote that it is impossible to even approximate the period of its birth. Its teachings were implicitly believed in by its people. It had its sacred records and traditions. Its deities had churned the ocean, mingled with men, and given some of them power to perform many wonderful acts. Up to the sixth century B. C. it had encountered no worthy opponent, but from the latter part of that century it had for much longer than a thousand years to contend with the teachings of a new faith—that of

THE BUDDHA.

Siddhartha Gautama, called by his disciples "The Lord Buddha," is one of the most remarkable characters in history. For twenty-five hundred years or more the lives of a vast number of the human race have been molded by his teachings.

There has been some controversy about the period when this celebrated man flourished, whose teachings have been called "The Light of Asia." Sir Edwin Arnold, who resided

many years in India, and who has made himself conversant with the faiths, customs, history, and the ancient and modern languages of its people, places the date of Buddha's birth at about 620 B. C. and his death at about 543 B. C. He was born at Kuisnagara, in Oudha. His father, who was a raja or chief of a tribe, dearly loved his son, surrounding him with all that wealth and power could bestow, and in every way sought to promote his happiness. Thus enjoying the good things of life he passed his early years until after his marriage, and a son was born unto him. It was at this period, when the cup of his earthly bliss was overflowing, that his troubles began. Then first came under his observation the misery in the lives of others. He took their sufferings much to heart and could no longer enjoy the good things with which he was surrounded. After a severe mental struggle he gave up all he loved—his wife, his child, his parents—and with one follower went out into the world as a mendicant, seeking the new birth, that through it he might find redemption for his suffering fellow-beings. This new birth, after many years of study and many privations, he found. Afterward he visited his relatives and the home of his youth.

His father, surrounded by a gorgeous array, went forth to welcome him, but the son entered the city at the other end as a mendicant, seeking alms.

Buddha was quite as much a philosopher as a religious teacher. He seems to have formed no theories concerning the deity, teaching his disciples the law of cause and effect. Inconsistent with this teaching are the miracles attributed to him. It may be said in regard to this inconsistency that few men are logical, and that even the good and the wise are rarely consistent with their own teachings. There is another solution, however, of this matter, and probably the correct one, that Buddha did not pretend to work miracles, but that they were afterward attributed to him by his followers to enhance the greatness of their leader.

After the death of this reformer of Brahmanism, disputes arose between his followers on points of doctrine, and it is said that some of them who desired to become leaders rejoiced at his decease. To settle disputed points and to collect his sayings a council of five hundred of his disciples was held in a cave near Rajagriha. "They chanted the lessons of their master in three divisions—the words of Buddha

to his disciples, his code of the discipline, and his system of doctrine." These became the collections of his teachings. A second council, of some seven hundred members, assembled a century later at Vaisali ; this council, which was intended to promote harmony, led to quite a different result, permanently dividing the Buddhists into two hostile parties and later into many sects. These two divisions have ever since remained apart and at variance. One of them is known as the Northern, the other as the Southern, Buddhists. This division did not, however, retard the progress of their faith, but rather, by arousing their rivalry, helped to spread it to other lands. In addition to this, their records being kept apart, differing somewhat, but agreeing on the main points, has given additional proof of the genuineness of the Buddhist records.

About the year 244 B. C. King Asoka, of Magadha, or ancient Behar, from being a persecutor of Buddhism, became a convert to that faith, and accomplished for it what the Emperor Constantine effected for Christianity. He convoked a third council of one thousand elders, organized Buddhism as a state religion, made an authorized collection of its sacred books,

and sent missionaries to spread its teachings. His edicts of the faith "are still found graven deep upon pillars in caves and on the rocks" of India. He directed his missionaries "that they should mingle with all unbelievers for the spread of religion; mix equally with Brahmans and beggars, with the dreaded and the despised, both within the kingdom and in foreign countries, teaching better things." They were to convert by persuasion and not by the sword. "Buddhism," states the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "was at once the most intensely missionary religion in the world and the most tolerant. The character of a proselyting faith which wins its victories by peaceful means, so strongly impressed upon it by Asoka, has remained a prominent feature of Buddhism to the present day."

About the middle of the first century of our era the fourth and last great council was convened by King Kanishka, a renowned Saka conqueror. It represented the Northern faith, as the third council of Asoka had represented the Southern. The fruits of its labor were three commentaries, written in the Sanskrit language, which were afterward the foundation of the Northern canon, or greater vehicle of

the law. The decrees of the Asoka council form the lesser canon.

Buddhism for some eleven or twelve hundred years successfully contended in India against the older faith, but about the eighth century of our era, either by decay or banishment, perhaps by both, it began to disappear from its native land, and has now but few followers in the country which gave it birth. Its seed transplanted, however, to other soil, yielded an abundant crop. In this it resembles Christianity, which, banished from Palestine, the cradle of its infancy, has taken deep root in other lands and has there produced a rich harvest.

THE LITERATURE OF ANCIENT GREECE.

REECE in primitive times—or Hellas, as her people loved to call her—was one of the brightest luminaries in the firmament where shone the ancient nations. Her brave sons, whose physical culture and celebrated youthful appearance were promoted by their manly sports, defended her freedom against the vast hordes of her Persian invaders, winning victory and immortal

renown at Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, and Platæa. Nor was the triumph of her sons confined to gallant deeds of arms. Her architecture was the wonder not only of the ancient but also of the modern world, while for music and philosophy, literature and art, all civilized people for more than twenty-five centuries have awarded her the highest meed of praise.

Her literary achievements, reaching back to primitive times far beyond the memory of man, in thought and style were purely her own. Her poets, like those of other ancient nations, were her first authors. The causes which produced the poet before the writer of prose are evident. The lines of the bard in early times were often committed to memory, because the labors of the scribes were tedious. His poems were either sung or recited by himself or his followers, and song has in all ages touched the hearts of men. The epic was the first poem of Grecian verse, it was followed by lyric poetry, and afterward by iambic verse, but up to the time of Homer and his immediate followers the epic prevailed.

As the language of a nation is intimately connected with its literature, it may not be out of place to briefly refer to that of Greece,

which belongs to “a family of tongues,” called the Indo-Germanic or Arion. It has been divided by linguists into three divisions and various sub-divisions. The three divisions are the *Æolic*, the *Doric*, and *Ionic*. The last was “a soft and vocal language, delighting in vocal sounds,” from which was born the *Attic*, the most perfect of the Greek tongues. The oldest of these dialects was the *Æolic*, about the proper sub-divisions of which there have been many learned disputes. In the mountains of Thessaly the *Doric* had its birth, and, like its native heights, delighted in “broad and rough sounds.” Through the conquests of Alexander the Great the Greek language lost its purity by the intermingling with it of foreign words and idioms, and thus arose a form of speech called the *Hellenistic*, in which tongue the books of the New Testament were written.

HOMER.

Of the life of Homer little is known. Yet many, very many volumes have been written by authors on this subject; but when the result of their labors is summed up, it amounts only to learned speculation. It may entertain and perhaps be useful to the antiquarian specialist

of literature, but the student who desires to acquire a general knowledge of the world of letters cannot spare the time required for its study. There are some points, however, relating to this author and his poems which are worthy of careful consideration. Much praise has been given Homer for his creative flights of imagination, and this praise, giving to the word *creative* a limited meaning, is properly awarded. No author, however, either ancient or modern, can be said to be original in the broad sense of that term. The thoughts of one author produce the thoughts of another, just as the seed sown by the husbandman produces new seed. In one respect, however, the comparison differs. The seed in the ground dies while giving life to the plant which yields the new seed, but not so with thought. While it produces new thoughts, the original thought probably never dies, although it may pass away from the memory of man. Thus an author composes a great work in his own style, which bears his own personal imprint, containing the thoughts of his own brain, and yet unconsciously to himself this great work has sprung from the thoughts of those he associates with in his every-day life, and from his readings of

other writers. To this rule Homer was no exception. Authors, it is true, in his day were few, and he may never have read or heard repeated even a single line of any of their works, but those around him could repeat, and no doubt often did, some old-time legends of their gods and heroes, and to them these gods and heroes were living realities, and not, as they are considered by us, merely myths. The age of Homer was an age of faith. At a later period, before the close of the old era, came an age of skepticism, in which faith in their many deities reached a low ebb; when men, after speaking of or swearing by their gods, would add, "if there be gods," but in the time of Homer there was no skepticism, and he believed in the legends from which he compiled his narratives. To him the gods were beings who guided human affairs.

The reader of Homer's poems should always bear in mind when perusing them that the people of his time did not consider his narratives as mere flights of the poet's imagination, but as true records of real events. Their gods were imbued with human passions and took an active interest in the affairs of men. In addition to living in their heavenly abode, they

were continually around men, in sea and plain, forest and mountain.

The stories concerning the Siege of Troy were no doubt handed down from father to son for some three hundred years, until the days when Homer compiled those which chiefly related to the exploits of Achilles, in his great poem "The Iliad." More than two hundred years elapsed from the time of Homer, if we accept 900 B. C. as the period when he flourished, before his fame reached its zenith. Between 600 and 700 B. C. his poems were publicly recited, and care was taken to preserve them in their purity.

In describing Homer's style, Matthew Arnold thus writes: "He is eminently rapid, he is eminently plain and direct, both in the evolution of his thought and in the expression of it, that is, both in his syntax and his words; he is eminently plain and direct in the substance of his thought, that is, in the manner and ideas; and, finally, he is eminently noble."

Of the Homeric poems many are lost, but the two most important—"The Iliad" and "The Odyssey"—yet remain. The first of these is by far the greater poem. These two poems are rendered into our language by different

translators. Pope's rendering, on account of the use of poetic license required by its rhyme, differs more from the original text than the renderings of the other translators, who wrote in blank verse. One of the finest descriptive passages of "The Iliad" is "The Shield of Achilles," which important piece of ancient armor was forged by the god Vulcan for that hero, at the solicitation of Thetis, Achilles' goddess mother. The parting interview in the same poem between the brave but ill-fated Hector and his loving wife, Andromache, is a touching, tender passage. Another fine passage, from Pope's translation, is where the death of Patroclus is announced to Achilles, that hero having permitted his friend to enter the battle in his stead against his enemy, Hector, who slays Patroclus. In a few lines it expresses grief, friendship, the spirit of revenge, and deep humiliation:

"Patroclus, loved of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain.
'Tis not in fate the alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart—

On these conditions will I breathe—till then
I blush to walk among the race of men."

XENOPHANES.

Xenophanes, the founder of the Eleatic school of philosophy, was born at Colophon, in Asia Minor, and flourished about 580 B.C. He passed the most of his ninety-two years in banishment.

TEACHINGS.

There is one God greatest among gods and men, neither in shape nor in thought like unto mortals. Without an effort ruleth he all things by thought. He abideth ever in the same place motionless. Men imagine gods to be born and having senses like themselves—even as Homer and Hesiod attributed to the gods all that is a shame and a reproach among men. Even lions, horses, and oxen, if they had hands wherewith to engrave images, would fashion gods after their own shape and make them bodies like their own. The gods did not reveal all things unto man at the beginning. Long is the search ere man findeth that which is better.

SOCRATES.

Socrates, whose father was a sculptor and whose mother was a midwife, was born 468 B.C.

In 399 B. C. he was condemned to death, and died by drinking the cup of hemlock poison. Writers differ in their views as to whether this truly great man should be classified as a philosopher, an educator, or a reformer. To us he seems to have been all of these combined. In the records of the nations there appear many great men, but none, in all respects, like him ; he stands a unique figure in history.

Until about middle life Socrates followed the profession of his father. A group of draped graces, said to be executed by him, was preserved in the Acropolis until the time of Pausanias, who flourished about the second century of our era. His family, although not wealthy, was in comfortable circumstances. He possessed a rugged constitution, but was far from being a handsome man. As a philosopher he held that we should require nothing but absolute necessities, and in carrying out this theory he went barefooted in the most inclement weather, and wore the same clothes winter and summer, even when in military service. But he was no sloven. He reproved his pupil Antisthenes, the founder of the Cynics, for wearing ragged garments, saying, "I can see your pride through the holes of your cloak."

History records his great patience with his wife, Xanthippe, who was a woman of violent temper. But much may be said in defence of that ancient dame, for if Socrates introduced the same economy into his family affairs which he practised himself, which seems probable, few women, even the most patient, would endure it. Our modern dames would not tolerate it.

In battle he was brave; but it was in the public Assembly, at the trial of the generals on the charge of permitting some of their men to perish without rendering them assistance, that he rose to the highest pinnacle of true heroism. A resolution had been introduced which swept away all the legal rights of the defendants. It was the province of Socrates and other members of his tribe to put this resolution to the vote of the Assembly. Some of them objected to doing so, but all of them, under threats, yielded except this grand old man, who remained firm in his refusal even at the risk of his life. Notwithstanding his refusal, however, the resolution was submitted to the Assembly, adopted by it, and six of the generals, who had just achieved a great victory for the people, suffered death. The Athenians were afterward much ashamed of their course in this

illegal and unjustly conducted trial. On another occasion, when the Oligarchy of Thirty ordered Socrates and four others to bring them one of their victims, he alone of the five refused to obey the command.

To Socrates is awarded the credit of first declaring "that the proper study of mankind is man." He also declared against speculative philosophy, and even objected to the minute study of the elements, pronouncing such speculation and study sacrilegious. In this we call his wisdom in question, notwithstanding the Delphian god declared through the Pythian priestess that no other man was wiser than Socrates. That the study of mankind is an important one may not be questioned by any intelligent person, but it should not be the only study.

Since the days of this ancient philosopher the discoveries made by scientists have been highly beneficial to our race, and even speculative philosophy, notwithstanding its many absurd theories in matters then thought not to affect the interests of mankind, is to be credited with wonderful achievements. There is no sacrilege in the closest investigation of anything with which the mind of man can grapple. It is

absurd to suppose that man can ever discover what God would conceal.

The subjects of his teachings are thus described by Xenophon, who was one of his followers: "Socrates continued incessantly discussing human affairs," writes that historian; "investigating: What is piety? What is impiety? What is the honorable and the base? What is the just and the unjust? What is temperance or unsound mind? What is courage or cowardice? What is a city? What is the character fit for a citizen? What is authority over men? What is the character befitting the exercise of such authority? and other similar questions. Men who knew these matters he accounted good and honorable; men who were ignorant of them he assimilated to slaves."

"The extreme publicity of life and conversation," writes Grote, "was among the characteristics of Socrates, distinguishing him from all teachers, either before or after him. Early in the morning he frequented the public walks, the gymnasia for bodily training, and the schools where youths were receiving instruction; he was to be seen in the market-place at the hour when it was most crowded, among the booths and tables where goods were exposed for sale;

his whole day was usually spent in this public manner. He talked with any one, young or old, rich or poor, who sought to address him, and in the hearing of all who chose to stand by; he never either asked or received any reward, he made no distinction of persons, never withheld his conversation from any one, and talked upon the same general topics to all. No other person in Athens, or in any other Grecian city, appears ever to have manifested himself in this perpetual and indiscriminate manner as a public talker for instruction. All teachers either took money for their lessons, or at least gave them apart from the multitude in a private house or garden, to special pupils with admissions and rejections at their own pleasure."

Socrates survived the rule of the bloodthirsty, plundering Oligarchy of Thirty only at the age of seventy to be condemned and suffer death under the democracy. He had been forbidden to instruct the youth by the previous government of the Thirty, but continued to do so. This offence, which they called corrupting the youth, and the false charge of impiety were the principal counts against him in the indictment. We will not discuss his trial, his speech before his judges, his conversations with his friends,

and the closing days of his life, for the student will find all these incidents described by Plato in his beautiful classical style.

FROM THE LITERATURE OF FRANCE.
AUTHORS AND ORATORS WHO FLOURISHED DURING
THE REVOLUTION.

E have now reached a period when celebrated literary lights who are to act a part in the great dramatic tragedy of the French Revolution enter on the stage of human existence. This Revolution is an epoch in the world's history of political upheavals, of bloodshed, and of cruelty. But such periods are by no means rare in the history of the nations. Although there have been many epochs when men acted quite as inhuman, there is none which resembles the French Revolution, for each period, whether its fruits are good or evil, has its own characteristics. During centuries the people of France had endured the sway of despotic government, religious intolerance, and bitter persecution; many thousands of them had been cruelly slaughtered and many thousands more had sought freedom and safety in other lands. Un-

fortunately for France, many of these self-exiles belonged to the artisan class, who carried with them a knowledge of manufacture which enriched other nations. France could far better have spared her despotic rulers and proud aristocracy than she could these humble mechanical toilers. During the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. order was preserved, for they maintained a strong government. But the rod of repression cannot always keep in subjection the oppressed, for a strong government is sure to be followed by a weak one. Then the pent-up human volcano bursting forth carries destruction before it. Thus it was in France: after Louis XIV. and Louis XV. came the amiable but weak Louis XVI., under whose mild rule burst the volcanic revolution, bearing that kindly sovereign, his Queen, and thousands upon thousands of his worthiest and most refined subjects to a common doom.

Many of the leaders in the first revolt, like Lafayette, were patriots whose design was to form a model government, giving a higher and happier destiny to their fellow-citizens. Unfortunately, however, for the people of the nation, and particularly for those of Paris, they had been so trodden under as to make them unfit

for the blessings of liberty. Reckless demagogues with wild theories took possession of the reins of government, and under their rule the Reign of Terror began and the guillotine drank the blood of the noblest of the land. During this awful period in the senate chamber it was declared "there is no God"; over the tombs was inscribed "death is an eternal sleep," and a woman of unsavory reputation was borne through the streets of Paris to represent the goddess of liberty. The jails were filled to overflowing, from which many victims went daily to their death, frequently without even the form of trial, their offense being that they were more refined than the ignorant herd who clamored for their blood. During this epoch two remarkable men appear on the pages of French history—one at its dawn, who tried to guide the nation in safety; the other was a fierce firebrand, whose efforts were directed to the overthrow of all established institutions and the destruction of the noblest of the land. These men were De Mirabeau and Robespierre.

DE MIRABEAU.

In the year 1749 was born Honore Gabriel Rignetti, Count De Mirabeau, one of the great-

est critics and statesmen who ever aided in steering the ship of state. He was also distinguished as an author. In his "Lettres de Cachet" he ably traces the history of French jurisprudence. Like his talented father, the Marquis De Mirabeau, who was also an author, he entered the army as Lieutenant, and was promoted to the rank of Captain. He disgraced his earlier manhood by leading the life of a profligate. He suffered imprisonment several times, and to avoid the death penalty fled from France, residing for some years in Holland and England. Having made his peace with the government of Louis XVI. he returned home, and became a member of the States-General, which assembled at Versailles in May, 1789. From this period he began a new career, proving himself to be both a statesman and patriot, checking the assumptions of the monarch and the wild theories of the revolutionists. His desire was to give to his country a constitution, with improvements, somewhat similar to that of England. He soon gained popular esteem, and success promised to crown his efforts, but in the height of his popularity the wild dissipations of his life brought him to a premature end. He died in the prime of his

manhood, on April 2, 1791, sincerely mourned by the people of France. Whether he could have stayed that fearful period of excesses which followed his death is doubtful, for revolutions are seldom, if ever, checked. "If," writes Carlyle, "Mirabeau had lived one other year, but Mirabeau could not live another year, any more than he could live another thousand years. . . . The most important of men cannot stay; did the world's history depend on an hour, that hour is not to be given. . . . Mirabeau's work then is done. He sleeps with the primeval giants."

MAXIMILIAN MARIA ISIDORE ROBESPIERRE.

Robespierre, the most celebrated and one of the most eloquent of the brutal leaders of the Revolution, was born May 6, 1758, at Arras. Having studied for the legal profession and having been admitted to the bar, he was in 1782 appointed criminal judge at the place of his birth. But soon after his appointment he resigned the judgeship on account of the duties of the position requiring him to pronounce a death-sentence, which he declined doing. He became a member of the States-general in 1789. His first political influence in the Assembly was

achieved through his leadership of the celebrated Jacobin Club. On the 30th of May, 1791, he delivered, in his representative capacity, an address against capital punishment, denouncing it as "base assassination." In June, 1794, when at the height of his bloody rule, he delivered his oration on the existence of a God and the immortality of the soul. A month later he perished by the guillotine, to which he had condemned so many others.

DE MIRABEAU AND ROBESPIERRE COMPARED.

De Mirabeau and Robespierre are two of the most remarkable characters in the history of mankind. The first was a profligate, a doubter of human immortality, yet a statesman of rare genius, who labored with untiring energy to prevent the terrible calamities which were to descend upon his country, curbing the arrogance of the monarch, at the same time frustrating the wild schemes of the revolutionary party. A man of almost infinite resources, he performed immense labor. In his last hours, speaking to a friend, he said: "I am dying, my friend, dying as by slow fire. We shall perhaps not meet again. When I am gone they will know what the value of me was. The

miseries I have held back will burst forth from all sides on France."

The character of Robespierre differed widely from that of Mirabeau. He was blameless in his private life, of acknowledged integrity. Controlling the resources of France, he remained too poor to marry Eleonore Duplay, the girl he loved, although he desired to do so. In his early manhood he was strongly opposed to capital punishment, and this sentiment continued in his riper years. It is said that he fainted when he signed the first death warrant. Afterward he sat day by day in a poorly furnished room, at a plain deal table, signing death warrants without even reading them. We learn from the character of Robespierre that a man may be honest yet commit terrible offenses against the public welfare. Many of the greatest crimes which the world has ever known have been perpetrated by sincere men in the sacred names of liberty and religion. Many of these who burned men and women at the stake in the name of the Lord thought in doing so they were serving the Almighty, believing that those whom they consigned to the flames were enemies of God, and by their false teachings were leading many to perdition.

Therefore, they reasoned it was better to destroy these individuals than lose the souls of many others forever. From their example we should learn to be careful never to say, thus saith the Lord when the Lord hath not spoken.

FROM THE LITERATURE OF PALESTINE.

THE HEBREW SCRIPTURES.

HE Hebrew Scriptures form one of the most wonderful books of the world. In beauty of biographical and historical narrative, in devotional psalms and wise proverbs, and in its laws and the fiery eloquence of its prophets, it has no peer among the writings of antiquity. It chronicles the progress of the people of Israel from the time of their great ancestor Abraham. It narrates in simple beautiful language how Jacob and his family entered the land of Egypt and at first filled places of honor, and how their numerous descendants were reduced to slavery, from which, under the guidance of their great law-giver Moses, they escaped. They were led by him for forty years through the wilderness. Afterward, under the leadership of Joshua, they entered the land of Palestine and there

became a great nation. This nation had many triumphs and also many vicissitudes. At one period of its history the people were carried captive to Babylon. They were liberated by Cyrus and restored to their own country when Babylon was captured by that monarch. There are thirty-nine books in the canon of the Old Testament according to the King James' version. The Jews limit the number to twenty-two, to correspond with the letters of their alphabet. The original MSS. were written partly in the Hebrew and partly in the Chaldaic language. The Douay Version contains forty-six books.

As this great work is in the homes of our people, and as its laws and precepts to a great degree mold their lives, it is unnecessary to enter into a detailed analysis of its merits. Its teachings we leave to the discussion of the theologians, confining our criticism to its merits as a work of historical information and literary culture.

THE APOCRYPHAL BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

These books, which belong to the period between the close of the Hebrew Scriptures and the beginning of the new era, are not included

in the Palestine collection. They form a part of the Alexandrian Greek canon known as the Septuagint. There has been much controversy concerning their inspiration. They were endorsed by the Council of Trent in 1546, and condemned by the Westminster Assembly which met in 1643. Some other religious bodies declare them useful, but not of equal authority with the other books of the Old Testament. Whatever may be their merits in a religious sense, they are of interest to the student of history, some of them containing valuable historical information.

THE SEPTUAGINT.

The Greek translation of the books of the Old Testament, including the Apocryphal Books, is known as the Septuagint, meaning seventy. An ancient account, which is discredited by the critics, says that Ptolemy II., to produce this version, summoned seventy-two learned Jews, six from each tribe, to meet at Alexandria, who, in a brief time, gave to the world the Septuagint. The early Christians at first received it favorably, but later, imperfections being found, the Hebrew text became the standard authority. The Septuagint is used by the Greek churches.

THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The books of the New Testament are a part of the literature of Palestine. It does not come within our plan to discuss their sublime teachings. That field is filled by numerous commentaries. As these Scriptures have a marked influence on the literature of the civilized world, some remarks concerning them will come properly within the scope of this work. Not one of the books of the New Testament was written until after the death of Christ. Some of them were not produced until a much later period. One of the latest was the Gospel of St. John. A considerable time elapsed before all the books came into the possession of the various branches of the Christian Church. Many of them were addressed to individual congregations. In the first and second centuries many spurious gospels and epistles were in circulation. These had to be separated from the genuine books. For these and other reasons the completion of the Canon of the new Scriptures was a work of centuries. Possessing but few of these books, the Christians of the first and second centuries, in defending their faith, generally quoted from the books of the Old Testament. In this, however, they merely fol-

lowed the example of their great Master and his disciples, who also quoted from Moses and the Prophets.

In 220 A. D. the Gospels were first divided into short chapters or sections by Ammonius, of Alexandria. The first attempt at punctuation by a point or small blank space began in the fourth or the fifth century. The present division into chapters was introduced into the Latin Bible in the thirteenth century by Cardinal Hugo of St. Carus. The present division into verses was first introduced in 1551 by Robert Stephens, in an edition printed by him. The oldest MS. of the Greek Testament extant belongs to the fourth century.

The life of Jesus is beautifully narrated in the Gospels. His oratory while discoursing with his disciples is grand in its very simplicity. His comparisons are drawn from nature. His words reach the very height of sublimity when speaking of the folly of placing our affections on personal adornment. He said: "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." How touching is the scene in the Garden of Gethsemane

when, in agony, he poured out his soul in prayer. It is told of the elder Booth that when he repeated this prayer he brought tears to the eyes of his audience.

FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ONLY a few fragments remain of the literature of the ancient inhabitants of the American Continent—"oblivion hides the rest"—yet where we now dwell once "lived and loved another race of beings," a race noted for its simple yet sublime eloquence. The red man did not speak in the language of the schools, nor embellish his speech with quotations from the classics of Greece or Rome. He knew nothing of their immortal bards, heroes, and deities. He drew his comparisons from Nature. Everything around him had a lesson, which in his simple yet poetic language he imparted to his audience. Although the rude but touching oratory of the Indian is a thing of the past, there still remain some fragments of his literature which will repay careful consideration.

The Caucasian, in his pride of race, boasts that to him America is indebted for all that is

good and great, but long before the advent of the white man the half-savage, half-civilized inhabitants of Mexico* possessed a rich literature, advanced and preserved by the great poet, King Nezahualcoyotl, Lord of Tezcoco. This remarkable monarch, who was born about 1403, in Mexico, when only fifteen years of age, lost his father in battle with a neighboring tribe and was himself cast into a dungeon as a prisoner of war. Making his escape, after many adventures, he rallied his people, defeated his enemies, and forgave those who were unfaithful to him, remarking that "A monarch may punish, but revenge is unworthy of him." Amidst rejoicing he entered his capital, where he established a stable government divided into departments, the most remarkable of which was that of music, devoted also to literature, and to which the monarch was a contributor. Many of his poems were translated into the Castilian language early in the sixteenth century; among them are two beautiful ones, "Banish Care" and "Indian Thanatopsis." The poem "Banish Care" has a striking resemblance to the writings of Solomon, yet the poet king of Tezcoco never saw the writings of the King of Israel.

* Authority of William H. Prescott.

In referring to the things of this life and their glory, he styles them but an “illusory shadow,” while Solomon, the ancient king of Jerusalem, who possessed and enjoyed their many pleasures, and who is celebrated from his own time to the present for his great wisdom, pronounces all these things as “vanity and vexation of spirit.” The Lord of Tezcuco, however, recommends us to enjoy these transient blessings of life while we possess them. His poem, which we name the “Indian Thanatopsis,” has a remarkable resemblance to William Cullen Bryant’s “Thanatopsis,” which shows that two minds may run in the same line of thought. The American poet when he wrote his great poem had never read that of the Aztec king, as it then lay in the archives of Spain. This illustrious sovereign abolished human sacrifice and built a gorgeous temple which he dedicated to the unknown God—the Cause of Causes—whom he said he was unworthy to see, but told his son that He should yet be known and worshipped throughout the land. No image was allowed in this temple, and the people were prohibited from profaning its altars with blood or any other sacrifice than that of the perfume of flowers and sweet-scented gums. This great

ruler breathed his last about 1475, seventeen years before Columbus sailed for the Western world.

BANISH CARE.

IF there are bounds to pleasure, the saddest life must have an end. Then wave the chaplet of flowers, and sing thy songs in praise of the all-powerful God; for the glory of this world soon fadeth away. Rejoice in the green freshness of thy spring; for the day will come when thou shalt sigh for these joys in vain; when the sceptre shall pass from thy hands, thy servants shall wander desolate in thy courts, thy sons and the sons of thy nobles shall drink the dregs of distress, and all the pomp of thy victories and triumphs shall live only in their recollections. Yet the remembrance of the just shall not pass away from the nations, and the good thou hast done shall ever be held in honor. The goods of this life, its glories and its riches, are but lent to us; its substance is but an illusory shadow, and the things of to-day shall change on the coming of the morrow. Then gather the fairest flowers from thy gardens to bind

around thy brow, and seize the joys of the present ere they perish.

INDIAN THANATOPSIS.

SALL things on earth have their term, and, in the most joyous career of their vanity and splendor, their strength fails, and they sink into the dust. All the round world is but a sepulchre ; and there is nothing which lives on its surface that shall not be hidden and entombed beneath it. Rivers, torrents, and streams move onward to their destination. Not one flows back to its pleasant source. They rush onward, hastening to bury themselves in the deep bosom of the ocean. The things of yesterday are no more to-day ; and the things of to-day shall cease, perhaps, on the morrow. The cemetery is full of the loathful dust of bodies once quickened by living souls, who occupied thrones, presided over assemblies, marshalled armies, subdued provinces, arrogated to themselves worship, were puffed up with vainglorious pomp, and power, and empire.

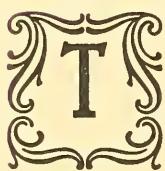
But these glories have all passed away, like the fearful smoke that issues from the throat

of Popocatepetl, with no other memorial of their existence than the record on the page of the chronicler.

The great, the wise, the valiant, the beautiful, —alas! where are they now? They are all mingled with the clod; and that which has befallen them shall happen to us and to those that come after us. Yet let us take courage, illustrious nobles and chieftains, true friends and loyal subjects, let us aspire to that heaven where all is eternal and corruption cannot come. The horrors of the tomb are but the cradle of the Sun, and the dark shadows of death are brilliant lights for the stars.

BERNARDINO DE SAHAGUN.

AZTEC LITERATURE.

O an obscure Franciscan friar, Bernardino De Sahagun, we are indebted for most of the Aztec Mexican literature which we now possess. This antiquarian scholar was born about 1500, in old Spain. In 1529, ten years after the invasion of Mexico by Cortes, he with other members of his Order landed in that country with the object of converting to the faith of their

fathers the people of that land. De Sahagun, who was a good and pious man, sought not for wealth in the land of his adoption, but devoted himself, in addition to the duties of his Order, to preserving the history and fragments of the literature of those with whom he had come to dwell. To accomplish this, to collect the material for his *Universal History*, which he wrote in the Aztec tongue, he studied the dialects of the natives, questioned their wise men, and submitted his material to their criticism. When about fifty years of age he completed this important work, but had the misfortune to have its manuscripts taken from him by his superior, who was more pious than learned, lest it should attach the people to their ancient faith. From this action of his superior he appealed to Spain, and thirty years after, when eighty years of age, had his manuscripts restored. He then translated the *History* into the Castilian tongue, and ten years later, when ninety years of age, he sent it to Madrid in two large folio volumes; it was deposited in the archives of Spain, where it lay for more than two centuries. In 1829 it was first published in three volumes in Mexico, and in 1830, in England, by Lord Kingsborough in six volumes.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, one of the most eminent statesmen in the history of the ages, was born February 12, 1809, in Kentucky. When eight years of age his father with his family moved to Indiana, then almost a wilderness. Abraham was taught spelling, reading, and writing at a rustic school. Later he acquired other branches of learning, including law and surveying. His youth was spent in rustic toil. He removed in 1830 to Illinois, where in 1836 he was admitted to the Springfield bar, at which he reached distinction. The same year he was elected and for three successive terms re-elected to the State legislature. In 1846 he was chosen to represent the district in Congress. In 1858 began his memorable contest with Senator Stephen A. Douglass for a seat in the United States Senate. Douglass was elected by the legislature through the unequal division of the legislative votes of the State, although Lincoln had the majority of the votes of the people. During this contest a number of joint debates were held between these two contestants before the adherents of both parties. Douglass possessed the gift of language in an eminent degree, but

he often repeated the same thought and frequently in the same words. Lincoln's arguments were generally new and his language concise. In 1850 William H. Seward, in his Rochester speech, declared there was an irrepressible conflict between slavery and freedom, that the States must become all slave or all free. In his speech before the Illinois Republican Convention in 1858, Lincoln expressed the same thought, but added the prediction, which future events justified, that freedom would triumph. In the election of 1860 for the presidency of the United States there were four nominees; Lincoln, the Republican, was chosen by a plurality of the votes of the people. In the electoral college he received a majority of its votes over all competitors. On March 4, 1861, he delivered his first inaugural address. He chose an able cabinet, among whom were Seward, Chase, and later Stanton. He was the ruling spirit of that cabinet, and pursued his own conservative course regardless of the clamor of friends and foes, yet courteous to all. His chief aim was the unity of the nation's loyal friends for the preservation of the union, at the same time holding out the olive branch to its enemies on the conditions of freedom

and the union. The Civil War began with the bombardment of Fort Sumter, which capitulated April 13, 1861. On the Gettysburg battlefield, November, 1863, Lincoln delivered his immortal address in memory of the heroes who perished there. Edward Everett, the orator of the occasion, after Lincoln's address, with a generosity rarely equalled, said, "Mr. President, you have said the only thing to-day that posterity will remember." This proved true. Everett's eloquent oration is remembered only by the literati, while Lincoln's few remarks live undying.

The American people have in his closing words resolved that this "government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth." Having previously announced his intention so to do, on January 31, 1863, he issued his famous Emancipation Proclamation, which gave freedom to an oppressed race. Then re-echoed from shore to shore the words of a distinguished journalist, Horace Greeley, "God bless Abraham Lincoln." Having been re-elected on March 4, 1865, he delivered his second inaugural address imbued with a deep, sad, religious feeling; referring to the prolongation of the war, he said, "If God wills that it continue until the wealth piled by

the bondsmen, two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil, shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, . . . it must be said the ‘judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.’” But the conflict was nearer the end than his sad thoughts anticipated. The Union troops, under the command of their great leader, General Grant, were closing in on the enemy ; a month later Lincoln witnessed the last struggle of the Southern Confederacy, but his sad life was “cut short just as its triumph came.” On April 14, at Ford’s Theatre, Washington, the assassin’s bullet laid low that generous, tall, gaunt man. The flag he loved, “grieving if aught inanimate e’er grieved,” caught the murderer’s spur in its silken folds when leaping to the stage, and thus injured his leg, delaying his flight and leading to his capture and death. Even those for whose cause Booth committed this crime denounced the deed. The excited people mourned the loss of their martyred president. Strong men, down whose cheeks since manhood’s dawn never flowed a tear, wept. Business was suspended ; sorrowing crowds viewed the funeral train as it slowly wended its way

toward the Western plains where he had toiled and which he loved. Tom Taylor, an English author, concludes his eulogy of Lincoln with the following lines :

“A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck
before

By the assassin’s hand whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore,
But thy foul crime, Cain-like, stands darkly
out.

“Vile hand that handest murder on a strife,
Whate’er its grounds, stoutly and nobly
striven,
And with the martyr’s crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.”

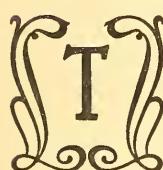
Lincoln was fond of story-telling, but story-telling was not, as some writers would have us believe, his chief occupation. His stories, like those of Franklin, were generally arguments of the most convincing kind or illustrated the subject under discussion.

Of the many eminent men whose names adorn American history, two stand forth in bold relief. Washington, a prosperous land-owner

and a polished gentleman, achieved his country's independence, leading her armies against the veteran soldiers of Great Britain, sharing with his men the privations of war until victory crowned their toil. His chief ambition was his country's welfare and independence. Lincoln, who in early life toiled for his daily bread, never forgot, even when President of his native land, that he was one of the people. He possessed a broad sympathy which embraced all his fellow-men, both friend and foe, guiding the ship of State safely through one of the greatest conflicts the world has ever witnessed; at its close sealing his country's freedom with his blood. The American people idolize Washington; they love Lincoln.

FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE WAR OF THE ROSES.

HE War of the Roses began in 1455, and continued, with occasional intermission, to desolate England for more than half a century. If any principle was involved in this civil strife, it has not been recorded by historians. The only apparent contest being, whether the House of York or the House of Lancaster should rule

the nation. The white rose was the chosen emblem of one and the red rose of the other. Each house had its victories, and each its defeats. The crowns of their respective kings were toppled from their heads in rapid succession, and what was more to be deplored, rapine and bloodshed desolated England. On one of its fields, that of Towton, Hume informs us, over 36,000 fell in battle and pursuit, the victor, Edward IV., having ordered that no quarter was to be given. During this fierce contest for the crown, science, literature, and art languished, and England only gained a growth of rival Roses.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, one of the sweetest writers in the English language, the son of a benevolent Episcopalian clergyman, was born in 1728 at Pallas, Longford, Ireland. He was the black sheep of his pious father's family. At school and also at Trinity College, Dublin, where he studied, he excelled neither in genius nor application. He left college in disgrace on account of a supper and a dance which he gave at his rooms. Notwithstanding his failures and his

frailties, he had one faithful friend, his good uncle, the Rev. Thomas Centarine, who never, even to the close of his life, lost faith in his ultimate success. This good man had many opportunities of killing the fatted calf to entertain his oft-returning prodigal. Notwithstanding his straightened means this kind uncle aided him financially to study for the church, law, and medical professions, in none of which, however, did he meet with success. On one occasion he lost fifty pounds at the gaming table which was given to aid him in his legal studies. Although he thus squandered the money given him, he loved, venerated, and was grateful to his true-hearted uncle, who did not live to witness his nephew's ultimate triumphs. After his college career he traveled through Europe on foot as a wandering minstrel, gaining a livelihood sometimes by university challenges, and at others by his flute, which secured him a hearty welcome at many a cottage home. In 1756 he returned to England and settled in London, where he suffered many privations. His first employment was assistant to a chemist, then to a physician to the poor. Through a patient he was introduced to Samuel Richardson, the author of "Clarissa," and became his proof-reader. In

1760 he wrote for Newbary's *Public Ledger* his celebrated "Letters from a Chinese Philosopher in London to His Friends in the East," which were afterward published under the title of "The Citizen of the World." These letters give an amusing account of English life as viewed through Chinese spectacles. Goldsmith's income was now largely increased, but his expenditures were also large. In 1764 his landlady had him arrested for rent. He sought the aid of his friend, Dr. Johnson, who immediately visited him and sold for him, for sixty pounds, his beautiful story, which he had just completed, "The Vicar of Wakefield." This novel has been enjoyed by many thousands for many generations. As a poet he ranks high. "The Traveller," "Edwin and Angelina," and "The Deserted Village" are the best productions of his muse. On the comparative merits of the first and last of these poems connoisseurs differ, but popular taste has given its decision in favor of "The Deserted Village." Goldsmith possessed great descriptive power, even in verse. Who is not charmed with his word-picture of the village preacher? A picture of his own reverend father, "whose pity gave ere charity began," and at whose home

“the long-remembered beggar was his guest.” His description also of the old-time inn, where “news much older than their ale went round,” is life-like, and so is his school and school-teacher:

“In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue
still;
While words of learned length and thunder-
ing sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder
grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.”

“Edwin and Angelina” has always been admired, and some of its lines often memorized and quoted. A Scotch gentleman was so delighted with it that he built a hermitage similar to the one described in the poem, and even advertised for a hermit to become a life-tenant, but could not obtain one on that condition. If, however, he had arranged that his Angelina should accompany him, he might have succeeded. His two dramas, “The Good-natured Man” and “She Stoops to Conquer,” are still admired. His histories also have many read-

ers. He died in 1774, lamented by many distinguished men. The poor and infirm also mourned their loss ; in this they were no doubt joined by his creditors, for he died, notwithstanding his large income, owing two thousand pounds. His remains rest in Westminster Abbey, and his friend, Dr. Johnson, wrote his epitaph.

By what standard shall we measure this child of genius, this compound of human weakness and greatness ? His pure, beautiful writings have been a pleasure to tens of thousands. As Garrick said, "he wrote like an angel." Of him Dr. Johnson remarked : "No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had." Perhaps it is better to conclude in the language of Adeline Proctor :

"Judge not ; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see ;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
In God's pure light may only be
A scar brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldest only faint and yield."

THE END.

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